

L A D Y ALIMONY;

O R,

The Alimony Lady.

An Excellent Pleasant New

C O M E D Y

Duly Authorized, daily Acted, and
frequently Followed.

*Nolumus amplexus Sponsales; ara novellos
Nocte parens Socios; qui placere magis.*
Lucret.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Tho. Vere* and *William Gilbertson*, and are to
be sold at the Angel without New-gate, and at
the Bible in Gilt-spur-street, 1659.



The Actors personated }
in this Dramatick. } Scene *Sivil* }

Eugenio the Duke.

Sir *Amadin* Puny
Sir *Jasper* Simpleton
Sir *Arthur* Heartless
Sir *Gregory* Shapeless
Sir *Tristram* Shorttool
Sir *Reuben* Scattergood

} Cashiered Consorts.

Madam *Fricase*
Madam *Caveare*
Madam *Julippe*
Madam *Joculette*
Madam *Medler*
Madam *Tinder*

} Alimony Ladies.

Florello
Caranto
Palisado
Salibrand
Morisco
Tillyvally

} The Ladies Platonick Confidents

Gallerius Ghost.

Timon the Composer.

Trillo the Censor.

Siparius the Book-holder.

Chorist.

Constable Watch.

Countrey Boors.

Tra-panners.

Pages with other Officers.



Lady Alimony.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Trillo.

Trillo.



Hey Boyes! — Never did my Spirit chirp more chearfully since I had one. Here is work for *Platonicks*. Never did Ladies, brave buxom Girles dispence at easier rates with their forfeited Honours. This were an excellent age for that Roman *Carvilius* to live in : who never lov'd any sheets worse then those his Wife lay in. Nor his Wife any lodging worse, then where her decrepit Consort slept in. Divorces are now as common, as scolding at *Billingsgate*. O Alimony, Alimony a Darling incomparably dearer, then a seere-icy Bed posselt of the spirit of a dull unactive Husband ! A fresh flowry Spring, and a chill frosty Winter never suit well together. He were a rare Justice in these times of Separation, who had the Ceremonial art to joyn Hearts together as well as Hands : but that Chymical Cement is above the Alchymy of his Office : or verge of his ministerial Charge. — Hey day ! who comes here ? The very profest Smock-satyr, or Woman-hater in all *Europe*. One, who had he lived in that State or under that Zone, might have compared with any *Sweetnam* in all the *Albyon* Island.

Enter.

Lady Alimony.

Enter Timon; Siparins, and a Page. { Scen. 2. }

But sure he has some high design in hand, he pores so fixtly upon the ground, as on my life he has some swinging stuff for our fresh *Dabriders*, who have invested themselves in the *Platonick Order*: and retain courage enough to make an exchange of their old Consorts with their new Confidants and amorous pretenders. --- Let us hear him, he mumbles so strangely, he must surely either disburthen self, or stifle his teeming Birth for want of timely delivery.

Timon. Good, as I live wondrous good: this is the way to catch the old one. Be all things ready *Siparins*?

Sip. How do you mean Sir?

Tim. What a drolling bufflehead is this. --- He has been *Book-holder* to my *Revels* for decads of years, and the Cuckoldry Drone, as if he had slept in *Triphonius* cave, all his dayes, desires to know my meaning in the Track of his own Calling! --- Sir, shall I question you in your own Dialect? Be your Stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrouded, as the squint-ey'd Groundling may not peep in to your discovery?

Sipar. Leave that care to me Sir; it is my charge.

Tim. But were our Bills poasted, that our House may be with a numerous Auditory stored; our Boxes by Ladies of quality and of the new dress croudinly furnished; our Galleries and Ground-front answerably to their Pay compleated?

Sip. Assure your self Sir, nothing is a wanting; that may give way to the Poets improvement.

Tim. Thou sayst well; this is indeed the Poets third day: and must raise his *Pericranium* deeply steep'd in Frontineack, a fair revenue for his rich *Timonick* Fancy; or he must take a long adue of the spirit of Sack and that noble Napry till the next Vintage. --- But *Siparins*.

Sip. Your will Sir.

Tim. Besure, that you hold not your Book at too much distance: the Actors, poor Lapwings, are but pen-feathered: and once out, out for ever. We had a time, in-

Lady Alimony.

deed, and it was a golden time for a pregnant Fancy; when the Actor could imbellish his Author, and return a Pean to his Pen in every accent. But our great disaster at *Canna*, then which none ever more tragical to our Theatre, made a speedy dispatch of our rarest *Roscio's*, closing them joyntly in one Funeral Epilogue. ---Now for you Boy, as you play the *Chorus*, so be mindful of your Hint. I know you to be a Wag by nature; and you must play the Waggish Actor.

Page. I shall not sleep in my action Sir; if your line have so much life as to provoke a laughter; I shall not strangle the height of your Conceit with a dull gesture: nor weaken the weight of your Plot with too flat or unbecoming a deportment.

Tim. Thou promisest fairly; go on.

Trillo. And so does *Timon* too, or his judgement fails him. ---Well, I will accost him. ---Health to our stock of Stoical wit, ingenious *Timon*. ---Come Sir, what brave Dramatick Piece has your ruhning Mercury now upon the Loom? The Title of your new Play, Sir?

Tim. Every Poast may sufficiently inform you: nay the Fame of the City cannot chuse but eccho it to you: so much is expected: neither shall you discover a *Mouse* peeping out of a *Mountain*, believe it.

Trillo. No; nor a *Monkey* dancing his Trick-a-tee on a Rope, for want of *strong Lines* from the Poets pen.

Tim. You are ith' right on't, *Trillo*; These Pigmies of mine shall not play the egregious Puppies in deluding an ignorant Rabble with the sad presentment of a * roasted Savage.

Trillo. Your Conceit is above the scale of admiration. ---But the *Subject* of your Invention, Sir, where may you lay your *Scene*: and what *Name* you bestow upon this long expected Comedy?

Tim. My *Scene*, *Trillo*, is * *Horn-Alley*: the *Name* it bears, is *LADY ALIMONY*. The *Subject* I shall not pre-occupate: Let the Fancies of my thirly Auditory fall a working; if ever their small expence confined to three

hours

* Nulla spes
spectanda fe-
ris, nec gratia
victis.
Corpora disten-
dunt verubus
assanda nefan-
dis.

* Tempora sunt
Cuculi gratif-
sima labilis an-
ni;

Cornua sunt
sponsis tristia,
lata Prociis.
Anon.

Lady Alimony.

hours space were better recompensed ; I will henceforth disclaim my Society with an happy Genius : and bestow the remainder of my time in catching Flyes with *Dominian*.

Trillo. Excellent, Excellent. I am confident your acrimonious spirit will dis-curtain our Changeable-taffary Ladies to an hair.

Tim. Thou know'st my humour ; and let me perish, if I do not pursue it. Thou hast heard no doubt, how I never found any branch more pleasingly fruitful, nor to my view more grateful , then when I found a Woman hanging on it : wishing heartily that all Trees in mine Orchard bore such fruit.

Tril. If your wish had prov'd true , no doubt but your Orchard would have rendred you store of *Medlers*.
---But your hour, Sir, your hour.

Tim. You know, *Trillo*, our Theatral time to a minute. One thing I must tell you ; and you will attest it upon our Presentment : That never was any Stage, since the first erection of our ancient Roman Amphitheaters, with suitable Properties more accurately furnished : with choiser Musick more gracefully accommodated : nor by Boyes, though young, with more virile spirits presented.

Tril. I'm already nouz'd in your Poetical Springe : and shall henceforth wish for your sake , that all Crop-ear'd Histriomastixes, who cannot endure a civil witty Comedy, but by his rackt exposition renders it down-right Drollery, may be doom'd to Ancyus , and skip there amongst *Satyrs*, for his rough and severe censure.

Tim. *Parnassus* is a debtor to thee *Trillo* for thy clear and serene opinion of the Muses and their individual Darling : of which Meniey, to imprint our Addresses all the better in your memory, our Stage presents ever the most lively and lovely fancy :

"Where th' Stage breaths Lines, Scens, Subject, Action fit,

"Th' Age must admire it, or it has no Wit.

Tril. Yet I have heard *Timon*, that you were sometimes Stoical, and could not endure the noise of an Enterlude,
but

Lady Alimony.

but snuff at it as the *Satyr* did at the first sight of fire.

Tim. All this is most authentically true : But shall I unbosom my self ingeniously to thee, my dear *Trillo* ? As his hate to Woman made *Eupolis* eat Nettle pottage ; so became I fired in my spirit : my experience of a Shrow drove me to turn the shrewd Comedian : and yet all our Boxes are stor'd with compleat Doxes : nay some, whose carriage gives life to this days action.

Tril. May the Poets day prove fair and fortunate : full Audience and honest Door-keepers. I shall perchance rank my self amongst your Gallery-men.

Tim. We shall hold our Labours incomparably heightened by the breath of such approved Judgements.

Enter Messenger.

Sir, here is a proud peremptory pragmatistical Fellow newly come into our Tying-room, who disturbs our preparation ; vowing like a desperate Haxter, that he has express Command to seize upon all our Properties.

Tim. The Devil he has ; what furious Mercury might this be ?

Mes. Nay, Sir, I know not what he may be, but sure if he be what he seems to be, he can be no less then one of our *City Hectors*, but I hope your spirit will conjure him, and make him a *Clinias*. --- He speaks nothing less then braving Buff-leather Language : and has made all our Boyes so feverish, as if a Quotidian Ague had seiz'd on them.

Tim. Sure it is one of our Trapping Decoyes, sent forth for a Champion to defend those Ladies engaged honour, whom our Stage is this day to present : This shall not serve their turn. --- Call him in ; we will collar him.

Tril. Hah-hah-hah ! This will prove rare sport, to see how the Poets Genius will grapple with this Bandog.

Enter Haxter.

{ *Scen. 3.* }

Hax. Sir !

Tim. Surly Sir, your design !

Hax. To ruine your Design, illicentiate Play-wright.
Down

Lady Alimony.

Down with your Bills Sir.

Tim. Your *Bill* cannot do it Sir.

Hax. But my Commission shall Sir. --- Can you read Sir?

Tim. Yes Sir, and write too, else were I not fit for this employment.

} *He reads the Paper.*

Tril. With what a scurvy skruke look the Myrmidon eyes him? --- He will surely bastinado our Comedian out of his Laureat Periwig: --- Hold him tugg Poet, or thou runs by Postical Pinnacle on a desperate shelf.

Tim. What bugbear has your terrible Bladeship brought us here? A Mandat from one of our own society, to blanch the credit of our Comedy! You'r in a wrong Box, Sir, this will not do't.

Hax. You dare not disobey it.

Tim. Dare not! A word of high affront to a profess Parnassian: I dare exchange in pen with you and your penurious Poetasters Pike: and if your valour or his swell to that height or heat as it will admit no other cooler but a down-right scuffle, let wit perish and fall a wool-gathering, if with a chearful brow I leave not the precious Rills of *Hippocrene*, and wing my course for *Campus Martius*.

Hax. Slid this *Musans* is a *Marsiallist*; and if I had not held him a feverish white-liver'd staniel, that would never have encountred any but the *seven sisters*; that *Knight of the Sun*, who imploy'd me, should have done his errand himself: well, I would I were out of his clutches: The onely way then is to put on a clear face, lest I bring a storm upon my self. --- Vertuous Sir, what answer will your ingenuity be pleased to return by your most humble and obsequious vassal?

Tim. Ho Sir; are you there with you Bears! How this *Gargantua's* spirit begins to thaw? --- Sirra, you Puncto of valour ---

Hax. I have indeed, puissant Sir, been in my time, rallied amongst those Blades: but it has been my scorn of late to ingage my Tuck upon unjust grounds.

Lady Alimony.

Tim. Tucca, thy *valour* is infinitely beholden to thy *discretion*. --- But pray thee resolve me, art thou made known to the purport of thine errand?

Hax. In part I am.

Tim. And partly I will tell thee, this Squirt Squibbe, wherewith that pragmatistical Monopolist *Nasutus Neapolitanus* has here employ'd thee to obstruct our Action, shall be receiv'd and return'd with as much scorn, as it was sent us with spiteful impudence: --- Let him come, if he like; he may trouble himself and his own impoverish'd patience: but we shall sleight him on our Stage, and tax him of frontless insolence.

Hax. You shall do well Sir.

Tim. Well or ill, Sir, we will do it. --- Pray tell me brave Spark, what *Archias* may this be, who takes thus upon him to excize the Revenues of our Theatral Pleasure to his purse? Be his monopolizing brains of such extent, as they have power to ingross all Inventions to his Coffer: all our Stage-action to his Exchequer?

Hax. I would be loath to praise him too much, because your transcendent self prize him so little ---- but his Travels have highly improv'd his expression.

Tim. We know it Don, and he knows it too, to his advantage. --- But no man knows the issue of his Travel better than *Timon*. It is true, he address his course for *Malagasca*: but for what end? to learn hard words; school himself in the *Utopian* tongue: and to close up all, he stickt not, *Xerxes*-like, to detace Bridges, in the ruines whereof poor Gentleman, he irreparably suffered.

Hax. To my knowledge, he speaks no more then authentick truth: For I my self in my own proper person got a snap by a *Neapolitan* Ferret at the very same time. Ever since which hot *Aetnean* service; my legs have been taught to pace Iambicks: and jadishly to entersear upon any condition. } *This to himself.*

Tim. Thus much for your dispatch; onely this: --- Be it your civility, valiant Don, to present my service to his Nac'd Savages; Monkeys, Babouns and Marmosites: advising

Lady Alimony.

advising withall your Master of the Bear-yard ; that he henceforth content his hydropick thoughts with his own Box-holders ; and lest he lose by his out-landish Properties, be it his care to pick out some Doxes of his own , lest those She-sharks whom he has imploy'd upon that trading occasion, abuse his confidence.

Hax. Your Commands, Sir, shall be observ'd with all punctuality.

Tim. Do so brave Don, lest I call you to account, and return your wages with a Bastinado. ---But withall tell that Cockspur your magnificent Mecenas, that he keep at home, and distemper not our Stage with the fury of his visits : lest he be incountred by my little Tarriers , which will affright him more then all his Spanish Gipsies.

Hax. Account me, invincible Sir, your most serviceable slave upon all interests. ---Well, I have secur'd my crazie Bulk as well from a basting as ever mortal did. And if ever I be put on such desperate adventures again , let this weak raddish body of mine become stuck round with cloves, and be hung up for a gammon of *Westphalia* bacon to all uses and purposes. *Exit.*

Tril. So ! you have conjur'd down the spirit of one furious Haxter.

Scen. 4.

Tim. And just so must all our Tavern Tarmagons be us'd ; or they'l Trapan you, as they did that old scarifice Fryer ; whose bitter experiences furnish'd with ability enough to discover their carriage and his feverish distemper.

Boy. Sir , all our Boxes are already stored and seated with the choicest and eminentst Damascella's that all *Sivil* can afford : Besides Sir , all our Galleries and Ground-stands are long ago furnished : The Groundlings within the yard grow infinitely unruly.

Tim. Go to Boy ; this Plebeian incivility must not precipitate the course of our Action. --How oft have they founded ?

Boy. They'r upon the last sound ; but our expectance

Lady Alimony.

of that great Count, whose desires are winged for us, fore-
low our entry.

Tim. These Comick Presentments may properly re-
semble our Comet Apparitions; where their first darting
beget impressions of an affectionate wonder, or prophe-
rick astonishment. The world I must confess, is a Ball
racketed above the line and below into every hazard: but
whimsies and careers challenge such influence over the
Judgement of our gallant-refined Wits; as their Fancies
must be humoured, and their humours tickled, or they leave
our rooms discontented. So as, the Comedians Garden
must finde Lettice for all lips: or the disrelish'd Poet must
be untruss'd, and paid home with a swinging censure.---
This must be my fate, for I can expect no less from these
Satirical Madams; whose ticklish resentment of their in-
jured honour will make them kick before they be gall'd:
but *Timon* is arm'd Cap a Pe against all such feminine Af-
sailants. They shall finde my Scans more modest, then
some of their actions have merited. --- And I must tell
thee one thing by the way my ingenious *Trillo*, that I ne-
ver found more freedom in my spritely *Genius*, then in the
very last night, when I set my period to this living Fancy.
---But time and conveniences of the Stage enjoin me to
leave thee. ---Make choice of thy place, and expect the
sequels.

*Extrema nocte
nullam Scans
jucundiorum re-
peri. Affan.*

Tril. May your Acts live to a succeeding age,
And th' *Ladies Alimony* enrich your Stage.

Exeunt.

After the third Sound,

PROLOGUE.

Madams, you'r welcom; though our Poet shew
A severe brow, it is not meant to you.
Your Vertues like your Features, they are such,
They neither can be priz'd nor prais'd too much:

Lov'd

Lady Alimony.

*Lov'd and admir'd wheres'ever you are known,
Scorning to mix Platonicks with your own :
— Sit with a pleasing silence, and take view
Of Forms vermillion'd in another hue.
Who make free Traffick of their Nuptial Bed,
As if they had of Fancy surfeited :
Who come not here to hear our Comick Sceans,
But to compleat imaginary Dreams
With realler Conceptions : if you minde them,
“ Their New Loves stand before, Old Loves behinde them :
And from that Prospect this Imprezza read,
“ Rich Pearls shew best, when they'r set in lead.
Such be your blameless Beauties, which comply
With no Complexion but a Native dye,
Apt for a Spousal hugg : and like rich Ore
Admit one choice Impression, and no more.
Those Faces onely merit our esteem,
“ Seem what they be, and be the same they seem.
For they who Beauty cloathe with borrowed ayrs,
May well disclaim them, being none of theirs.
Here shall you see Nature adorn'd with skill,
And if this do not please, sure nothing will.*

Enter two Boyes.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

1. Boy.

Room, room for the Ladies of the New dress.

2. Boy. Thou stiles them rightly *Tim* ; for they have plaid the snakes, and put off their old slough : New Broom sweeps clean : Frosty age and youth suit not well together. These Bonaroba's must sate their appetites with fresh Cates, or their sharp attractive stomachs will be quickly cloy'd.

1. Boy. True *Nick* ; hadst thou known their nightly quartring as well as I have done, thou wouldst hold them rare Coyducks for retrieving new game : and stering their Lobbies upon all adventures.

B 3

2. Boy.

Lady Alimony.

2. *Boy*. Why, *Tim*, art thou one of that Covy?

1. *Boy*. Let it suffice thee, Wag, I know all their Fagaries to an hair. I have not plaid such a Truant in my place; as to become their Pe De during all the time of their restraint: and not to attain the Principles of a Puny-Bolt: a faithful secret Pimp deserves his constant pay.

2. *Boy*. But in good sadness resolve me, were these dainty Dabriders ever in restraint?

1. *Boy*. As close coupt up, believe it, as any Parachito's ever were: onely they assum'd to their pretended aggrievances to exclaim against their hard fortunes, in being matcht with such impotent and defective Husbands. And now they have by long flickring and strong favourites got out oth' Cage: and wrought themselves into Alimony.

2. *Boy*. Uds so, will their dainty fingers tug in Alume work?

1. *Boy*. What an ignorant Puppy thou art? This is no Alume work, but such a calcinated Mettal, as it will run like Quicksilver over all their Husbands Demains: and in very short time make a quick dispatch of all his Long acre.

2. *Boy*. Trust me *Tim*, these be mad-mettal'd Girles: brave Braches to breed on.

1. *Boy*. What a wanton Monkey is this? ---Hee's but newly bred, and he can talk of Wenches breeding! ---well, thou wilt grow a Cock of th' game, if thy pen-feathred youth mount to't: ---But silence, Wag, the She-Myrmidons are entering the stage: and I am prickt out for the *Chorus*.

Scen. 2.

Enter six Ladies fantastically habited; in a wanton and pleasant posture: passing over the stage, they are encountred by six amorous complemental Servants. Every one singling forth his Mistress, for discourse.

2. *Boy*. What humerous Tomboys be these?

1. *Boy*. The onely gallant *Messalinas* of our age. That Love-spotted Ermin, is Madam FRICASE, a woman of a rampant spirit; a confident pretender to Language: and for the Latine, she makes her self as familiar with the breach

Lady Alimony.

breach of *Priscians* head, as if it were her Husbands.

2. *Boy*. Who is she that looks like a mounted Scale-drake?

1. *Boy*. That spit-fire is Madam *CAVEARE*, one whose assiduate trading brought age upon her before her time. But Art has taught her to supply furrowed Deformities with Cerufs Boxes: and to repair a decay'd Complexion with an Italian fucus. This with other fomentations have so enlivened her, as they render her no less active then if she at last Grass had but casten her Colts tooth. The next in rank is that mincing Madam *JULIPPE*, who would not bear a Childe for a world (though her endeavours be pregnant enough) for fear she should dis-feature the comeliness of her body.

2. *Boy*. Yet shee's a Medler.

1. *Boy*. A mellow one, and as ready to fall in *Autumn* upon all occasions.

2. *Boy*. What may that gaudy gugay Lady be, that throws such scornful looks upon our Galleries?

1. *Boy*. That's a brave Martial *Millanoise*: *Semiramis* never had a more imperious spirit: she styles her self Madam *JCCOLETTE*; a jocund Girle on my word: and one that will not ingage her honour, nor barter in a light Commodity for nothing. She was a Tyrewoman at first in the Suburbs of Millan: but falling into an ebb of fortune, and hearing the quaint and various fancies of our Countrey *Damasella's*; she took upon her this adventure to improve her annual pension. Which she has by the dexterity of her wit and incomparable curiosity of art highly enlarg'd, and by this unexpected means: for it hapned, to give an addition to her future happiness, that one Sir *GREGORY SHAPELESS*, a Mundungo's Monopolist, a paltry-penurious-pecking pinchgut, who had smook'd himself into a Mercenary title of Knightship, set his affection upon her soon after her arrival here; whom thou may imagine, *Nick*; to be no sooner woo'd then won. But scarcely were their marriage sheets warm; till her dissembled fancy, having no other bait but Lucre to feed it, grew.

Lady Alimony.

grew cold. And the Mundungo Knight became pittifolly Crest-faln: more in love with the World then his Italian Doxy. A divorce she sues and so happily pursues: as by the sollicitancy of her private Ingles, she became whole sharer in his trucking fortunes. Since which time, she pastures freely upon the Common without fear of Inclosure.

2. *Boy.* Why should she not? A barren ranging Doe having once leapt over her own Pale, may inroach, though not with security, upon any others Liberty.

1. *Boy.* That next her in rank and as right as my leg in her career, is Madam MEDLER, a cunning Civil Trader: who with much simpring secrecy, as one that would seem sparing in discovery of her Husbands Debility; calls her Sir TRISTRAM SHORTTOOL a good well-meaning man, and one that might content any woman under the Æquinoctial Line, if Nature had measur'd him right. Whereas his sufficiency has been elsewhere tried: which his many Branches sprung from other stocks, may sufficiently witness; being *Ciens* of his own inoculating, and at his own proper charge for breeding. As for that Lady with the inflam'd face, Madam TINDER; her desires are so strong and enlarg'd; as that *Torrid Zone* where she sometimes planted, could not accommodate her supplies. --- And let this serve thee, *Nick*, for a short Character of these *Alimonial* Ladies.

2. *Boy.* Those Platonick Servants of theirs are upon a strong debate with their amorous Mistresses.

1. *Boy.* But note my precious Wagge, how infinitely they seem tickeld with the Accounts which those Ladies return them of their Court-proceedings.

} 3. *Scen.* }

Florello. You over-glad me Madam *Ficace* with your select discourse, closing so fairly with our expected wishes.

Caranto. No conceit
Struck more on fancy then the tale you told me;
'Tis so attractive, Madam *Caveare*,

Lady Alimony.

Tracts delight without a passive Object
And forms an *Embrio* in the phantasy
By Loves mysterious Spell : may *Ida's* Court
Ne're see *Caranto* exercise his Revells
If he neglect those ceremonial rites
Which Love and Duty have oblig'd him to.
" May all the Orbs make Musick in their Motion
And smile on our enjoyment.

Palisado. Fair *Julippe*,
Your choice has crown'd me ; Nor shall track of time
Raze out that Impreze with your free assent
Has here ingraven : *Palisado's* zeal
Shall merit your affection, if endeavours
May mount to such a pitch, as they may cheer
My hopes in retribution : Secrecy
Or what may most suit with a Ladies honour
Shall in this breast keep constant Century.

Salibrand. If *Salibrand* fall short, may he be forc'd
To sue his own Divorce. — Dear *Joculetta*
May your estrangement from a loathed Bed
Compleat your choice with a delightful change.

Morisco. Balls, Treats, Reer-Banquets, Theatral Receipts
To solace tedious hours, shall entertain
My mellow *Medler* : and when Evening pleasure
Shall with invivifying vigour summon more
Duly-reserved Offices ; which Love
In her arrival, her desir'd repose,
Shall pay his loyal tribute ; onely due
To Crowns and Nuptial Rites : or as pure times
Make these divisions legal, to supply
Defects by abler Farmers : which defrai'd
Proves man to be himself : Ile vow no more,
Onely give leave to your devoted servant
Whose purest victim is a constant heart
To make this tender good : -- Before I fail
In acting your content, may youthful heat
Disclaim its interest in me : and this spirit
Active and spritely lose his native strength,

Lady Alimony.

Nay thaw it ~~fast~~ to atoms, and resolve
To Opick powder, juyce of Cucumber,
Or what may shew most chillness in the blood.

Tilly-vally. Like brave Platonick you profess much love,
Which you ennamle with gilt promises,
But my affection's conscious of no guilt
Nor a rhetorick tincture: Some can speak,
And call the heavens to record, when their fancy
Meer Planet-struck, has fixt their influence
On various Objects: ----this deludes poor Wenches,
And makes them melt like Cerusse: --Heav'ns forgive them,
I'm none of that light Leven: nor *Florello*,
Caranto, *Palisado*, *Salibrand*,
Nor you *Morisco*: moments of delight
May prompt unmannag'd youth to damn'd protests
And vows which they intend not: whereas, Madams,
Your choice has made you happy in your change.
This shall my dear affianc'd *Tinder* finde
In her Embraces; and in those conclude
Stoln waters be the sweetest.

All. Excellent;

Thou shalt be styl'd th' Platonick Pithias.

Fricase. Our faith is not confirm'd by Oratory,
If *Man*, he cannot falsifie his trust
In offices of love: we leave our own
For your injoyment; were there piety
In making Love the Anvil of your treason?
No, no; we shall not entertain a thought
That may suggest suspicion: nor retain
In our late widdow'd breasts a crime so foul
As Jealousie: let our *Cornuto's* harbour
That marrow-eating Fury. — Dear *Florello*,
Hold my exchanged Love compleat in thee.

Caveare. Hold same opinion of thy *Caveare*,
My best *Caranto*.

Julippe. Treasure like esteem
In thy *Julippes* choice, brave *Palisado*.

Foculette. In *Foculette*, active *Salibrand*.

Medler.

Lady Alimony.

Medler. Thy spriteliest Revels may they be reserv'd
For thy endeered *Medler*, my *Morisco*.

Tinder. So may thy hopes be crowned in thy *Tinder*,
My valiant *Tilly*: and rest thus resolv'd,
That th'tender tinder of my tride affection
Shall ne're obscure its lustre, if neglect
Extinguish not that heat.

Tilly. May th' *Frigid Zone*
Sooner contract my sinews.

Morisco. And Loves Grove
Become an Hermits Cell.

Sal. And our Revels
A sullen Stoick Dream.

Palisado. And this exchange
A period to our joys.

Caranto. And our protests
Affrighting shadows.

Florello. Or what's worst of all,
May those Contents which you expect from us
Discover our defects: and make you wish
Your Nuptial Beds untoucht.

All. May all these fall
And crush us with their grandeur.

Ladies. Be it so.
And if our levity disvalue vows,
Or what may most oblige us; may like censure
Impeach our perish'd honours. { *They retire.*

1. *Boy.* — So, the match
Is clapt already up: they need no witness.

2. *Boy.* Trust me, they couple handsomly, as if they had
been married after th' New fashion.

1. *Boy.* These need no dispensation: Fancy can act it
without more adoe.

A mad match soon shuffled up.

2. *Boy.* But what shuffling would there be, if any of
these wanton Gossips should cry out before their time?

1. *Boy.* That cry, my dainty Wag, would be soon stifled.
There be many ways, as I have heard my old Gran-

Lady Alimony.

ham say, who had been in her youth a Paracelsian Doctors Lemman, to impregnate a Birth, and by secret applications, apozems and cordials, not onely to facilitate but expedite their production.

2. *Boy.* And what of all this?

1. *Boy.* Why then *Tim*, the onely safe way for these gamesom *Maquerella's* is, to antidate their Conception before their separation: This has been an approved Receipt; and upon a long consult, found so and return'd authentick: Joy or Grief produce wondrous effects in humerous Ladies.

2. *Boy.* Thou art a cunning sifting Ningle for all rogueries.

{ 4. *Scean.* }

Enter again the Ladies with their Platonick Confidants.

1. *Boy.* What! so soon return'd; upon my life there's some amorous design on foot either in displaying of the weakness of those Rams-heads whom they have deserted: or some Pasquil of light mirth, to ingratiate their late entertained Servants.

2. *Boy.* No Drollery for love sake:
"Facetious fancies are the least profane.

1. *Boy.* That's a precious strain of modesty, *Nick*, make much on't:

---Let's fasten our attentions---They are moving.

Florello. Dear Madam *Fricase*, present those *Sceans*,
Those love-attractive *Sceans*, your Noble self
With these long injured Ladies tendred
To your Prudential Senat.

Fricase. Sure *Florello*
You much mistake them; can you call them *Sceans*
Which just complaints exhibit? true, they might,
They might have prov'd to us and to our honours
That lay at stake, and by spectators thought
Highly engag'd, nay desperately expos'd
To a Judicial sentence: a Decree
Of fatal consequence.

Curanto. But pregnant wits

Stor'd

Lady Alimony.

Stor'd with maturest judgement, polite tongues
Calm'd an approaching storm.

Palisado. Nay, made you gracious
Before those rigid Consuls.

Sal. For my part,
I never knew a good face spoil a cause
Though th' Bench were ne're so gravely antient :
Nor ripe in years.

Morisco. Beauty's a taking bait
Which each fish nibbles at : this *Appius* felt,
A reverend Sage, whom furrowed brow, loose lip,
Strait line of life, a rough distemper'd cough,
Aged Catarrhs, a shiver'd shell turn'd earth,
where nought appear'd that might partake of man
Save a weak breathing motion : yet could He
Send forth light wandring eyes: and court *Virginia*
With a dull admiration : so the Bard
Describes his daring-doating appetite,
Which he pursu'd, yet thought none durst discover:
" *Appius* had silent tongue, but speaking eyes,
" Yet who says *Appius* loves *Virginia*, lyes.

Tilly. Not I, I vow : let age attire it self,
And in that garish habit fool his soul
With fruitless wishes : what's all this to me ?
Pigmalion may with his incessant vows
Sweetned with fancies incense seek t'enliven
Motionless marble : but such statues render
Icy content : Imagination may
Make th' Image seem a *Leda* : yet the Swan
Retains her feature and her nature too.
--- Let's leave these apprehensions ; they suit better
With shady then essentials favourites.
--- Good Madams, second our desires ; let's hear
How you were dealt withall.

Florello. Our instance
Begg so much favour.

Caranto. It will chear our spirits
In the relation of your fair Proceedings.

Lady Alimony.

Mer. Where th'issue crown'd your suit with that success
No Fates seem'd more propitious.

Palisado. We must hav't ;
You know what longing means.

Sal. Come, who begins ?

Ladies. Stay, Gallants, wing not your too speedy course
With such Pegasus quickness, our consent
Should go along : our interests are concern'd
To perfect your desires.

Florello. And we presume
Your acquiescence will accomplish it ;
Our mutual loves close in that harmony,
That though the ayrs of Musick still admit
Their closure in Divisions, our joynt strings
So sweetly tun'd, may run their Diapason
Without a Discord.

Fricase, By which sense we gather
That we must prove your Fidlers ;

Florello. You mistake me :
We hold you instruments ; your fancies strings
To actuate our motion with that fulness
Arion ne're attain'd too.

Ladies. We must yeild
Or they will storm us.

Fricase. Yet let our conditions
Bring them within our lists. ---Well, our surprize
Must make you parties ith' discovery.

All. For Loves sake how ?

Fricase. As thus ; we stand at Bar
T'express our grievances : and you must set
Grave Censors or Examinates, to discuss
The weight of our Complaints.

All. Content ; wee'l do't.

Ladies. But do't exactly, or you spoil the plot.

Caranto. Slid, doubt not Ladies, we have wit enough
To frame Intergotaries, so you make answer,
And with your quickness do not puzzle us.

All. Advance, advance, let's mount and play the Consuls.

The

Lady Alimony.

*The Confidants ascend the higher Seats, erected after
the form of the Roman Exedra's :*

*And the Ladies with Petitions in their hands
standing at the Bar.*

1. *Boy.* How will these dainty Dotrels act their parts ?

2. *Boy.* Rarely no doubt ; their Audience makes them
confident.

{ Scen. 5. }

Florello. Now fair Ladies , what wind has blown you
hither ?

Fricase. The storm of our unsufferable wrongs
Call unto you for Justice.

Caranto. And your Beauties
Injoyns our just assistance. --- Shew your griefs.

1. *Boy.* This is a Caranto-man with all my heart ! must
Beauty be his Land skip on the seat of Justice ?

2. *Boy.* Pray thee give them line.

Fricase. Should I discover my misfortunes, Consuls,
They would enforce compassion even in strangers
Who know not my Extraction. --- My descent
Besides the Fortunes I deriv'd from them
Who gave me Being, Breeding, with what'ere
Might compleat youth, or give imbellishment
To Natures curious workmanship, was known
To shine more graceful in the eye of fame
Then to remain obscure : yet see my fate,
My sad occurrng fate !

Florello. Express it Madam.

Fricase. I married, Reverend Consul, and in that
Lost both my freedom, fortune and my self.

My former single sweet condition

Cloaths that remembrance in a sable weed,

Resolves mine eyes to *Niobe's*, whose tears

Might drop to marble, and erect an un

T'inhume my funeral spousals.

*{ She feigns to
weep, in resent-
ment of her
former estate.*

Caranto. Alas poor Lady.

1 *Boy.* Pittiful Senatour, if he have not drunk some
Coffie to keep him waking, he will questionless fall a-sleep,

Lady Alimony.

or melt into tears before he delivers his sentence.

Palisado. Whence sprung this stream of infelicity,
Resolve us Madam?

Fricase. From mine hapless match;
A tender stripling, whose unmanly chin
Had ne'er known Razor, nor discover'd
A youthful down: yet his *minority*
Was by ore-powring friends accounted fit
To match with my maturer growth: But time
Display'd their folly who injoyn'd me to't
And my misfortune most: light was his brain
But weaker far his strength to satisfy
These lawful Nuptial heats, which breath'd in us
An active fire. — Now I appeal to you
Judicious Consuls;

2. *Boy.* Hold there, Madam; under favour, these brave
Senators you appeal to, are more for *Execution* than
Judgements.

Fricase. Could the patience { *Aside.*
Of *Grissel*, were she living, reap content
In such enjoyments? Could she suffer youth
Quickned with blooming fancy to expire
And quench her heat with such an useless snuff?

Florella. A match unsufferable.

Caranto. Opposing Nature.

Palisado. Nay, what in time would quite depopulate
And make the World a Desert.

Sal. Higher wrongs
Cannot inflicted be on Woman kinde.

Morisco. Nor meriting an heavier censure.

Tilly. Nor,
Asporting more dishonour on that sex,
That most endeared sex, to which we owe
Our selves and fortunes: for should their choice Beauties
Suffer a pillage by desertless hands,
Forc'd to a loathed Bed, and made a prey
To seer'd age, or to unripen'd youth,
How soon might these imparall'd Deities

Lady Alimony.

By fixing their affections on strange faces
And their more graceful posture, which they valu'd
Above their churlish consorts, become strangers
To their due spousal rites : How soon ingage
Their honour to th'Embraces of a Servant
Of brave deportment, spritely eyes, neat limbs,
A virile presence, and a countenance
*Twixt *Ajax* and *Adonis* ; neither fierce
Nor too effeminate : but mixt 'twixt both,
"Neither too light to scorn, nor stern to loath ?
*Twas this brought *Troy* to ruine : for had *Helen*
Espous'd where she had lov'd, poor *Menelaus*
Had ne're been branch'd, nor *Troy* reduc'd to flames,
Nor *Priam* and his *Hecuba* the grounds
Of sad-succeeding stories.

1. *Boy*. A gallant Consul, trust me ; he has got by heart
the Ballad of the Destruction of *Troy* to a syllable.

Florella. Honour'd Colleague
You shew your self both learn'd and eloquent.
Madam, be pleas'd to solace discontent
With a retir'd repose : we have discusst
And ballanced the grandeur of your wrongs
In a judicious skale : and shall apply
Proper Receipts to your aggrivances
When we have heard the rest.

1. *Boy*. Receipts of their own application, I warrant thee.

Caranto. Madam *Caveare*,
You here appear as a Complainant too.

Cave. And none more justly : ---ne're was woman matcht
To such a stupid, sortish animal ;
One that's compos'd of Non-sense, and so weak
In Masculine abilities, he ne're read
The *Wife of Bathes Tale*, nor what thing might please
A woman best : ---my Curtain Lectures have
No influence on him. ---I must confess
He's simply honest ; but what's that to me ?
He apprehends not what concerns a woman :
Nor what may suit her quality in state

Lady Alimony.

And fit dimension.

Caranto. A most unfitting Husband.

Caveare. It was my parents caution I remember,
But 'twas not my sad fate t'observe that Lesson,
Never to fix my fancy on a person
Who had no Sage in's pate : left progeny of fools
Should make my race unhappy : this has made
My thoughts meer strangers to his weak embraces,
Nor shall I e're affect him.

Florelo. Madam, no Law

Would in the Spartan State enjoy a Lady
So nobly accomplish'd to confine
Her fancy to such fury.

Palisado. This objection

Admits no long debate.

Sal. Her rich deserts

Adorn'd with such choice native faculties,
And grac'd with art to make them more compleat,
In humane reason should exempt her youth
From such a servile yoke,

Morisco. In ancient times

When wisdom guarded Senats ; a Decree
Confirm'd by publique Vote enacted was,
That none should marry till he had observ'd
Domestick discipline ; and first to bear
With a composed garb th' indignities
Of a *Zantippe*, if his fortune were
To cope with such a fury : and to calm
Her passion with his patience : -- now grave Colleagues
What comfort might this injured Lady drain
In these puntileo's which import her state,
From this insensate Sor ?

Tilly. Exchange his Bed

And sue his Patent for the *Fatuano* :
And to display him to his visitants
In clearer colours ; let this Motto be
Ingraven on those walls deep-ach't with time :
" Defective in his Head-piece here he lies,

Object

Lady Alimony.

"Object of scorn to all surveying eyes.

2. *Boy.* So, poor scatter-brain, he has got his judgement already.

Caranto. Praxatiles could ne're portray him better,
Nor lodge his scone more fitly. --- You may, Madam,
Conceive how sensibly we feel your wounds,
And with what promptness we shall expedite
your long-expected cure.

Palisado. Madam Julippe,
You come next in rank ; declare your griefs,
And if our judgements hold them meriting
Our just relief, we have compassionate hearts
And powerful hands to vindicate your wrongs
To th' utmost scruple.

Julippe. If they weigh not heavy
Let me incurre your censure. --- Patriots,
For I appeal to your judicious bosoms
Where serious Justice has a residence
Mixt with a pious pity : I shall unravel
The Clew of my misfortunes in small threads
Thin-spun as is the subtil Gothsemay.
Deep wounds, like griefs, require contracted lines ;
Few words, long sighs, Accents that want express.
First give me leave one beaming to bestow
On my obscur'd, once glorious family.

All. Madam proceed, Fame made it eminent.

Julip. But now contemptive, by marrying one
Who bears the shape of man, and that is all,
A base-white-liver'd Coward : whose regard
To his lost honour stamps him with that brand,
That hateful stigma which humanity
Scorns as the basest complice.

Palisado. Style it Madam.

Julip. Pusillanimity. --- That Ranter breaths not
Who with his peekt Monchato's may not brave him,
Baffle, nay baste him out of his possessions :
His fortunes he esteems not, so his person
May be secur'd from beating.

Lady Alimony.

All. Matchless Coward.

Julip. Nor is this all ; 'has sought t'ingage my Bed,
My Nuptial Bed and honour, nay those sheets,
Where I may safely vow, ne're man lay in
Beside my husband.

2. Boy. Very like ; But how many when he was not
there ? { *Aside.*

Florello. No misfortune worse
Nor humor hateful to a virile spirit,
Whereof your noble family partakes.
Then want of courage.

Palisado. Tush, Sir, that's not all,
Her line in time might grow degenerate
And blanch the living memory of those
From whence she came.

Caveare. There's none who here appears
Before you Conscript Consuls, but can give
Store of evincing instances of this:
For matching with Sir *Jaffer Simploton*
An hair-brain'd puppy, most of all my brood
Run like shell headed Lapwings in careers
Just as their own supposed father did
Simple Sir *Jaffer*, whose small doze of sence
Proportion'd their discretion. --- Till a change
Impregnated me more wisely.

Fricase. So did I
Suffer in my raw *Puny Amadin* ;
Though all my fears summ'd up their period,
And in it crown'd my wishes for one Boy,
Who while he lives, I think, will prove a Boy,
I had by my young stripling : who can trace
His fathers steps directly : all his games
Wherein his lineal youth takes sole delight
Are yert-point, nine pins, job-nut, or span counter,
Or riding cock-horse, which, his Dad admires
Smiling to see such horfemanship perform'd :
Now I appeal to you, whose judgements are
Maturely serious, if these tomboy tricks,

Might

Lady Alimony.

Might not perplex me and enforce me too
To act what my affections prompt me do !

Joculet. If one complain of the *minority*
Of her thin-douny Consort : and you Madam
Of his *Simplicity* whom you have chus'd,
And you *Julippe* of his Cowardise,
Whom with averfeness you have made your spouse ;
What grounds of discontent may I conceive
Unhappy *Joculette*, in my choice
My nightly torture ; whose Embraces be
Worse then those snaky windings unto me
Dipt in *Medusa's* Charms.

Caranto. Unbare your wound.

2. *Boy.* Nay, let that be the least of your fears ; --- shee'l
do that to an hair.

Joculet. Know then judicious Consuls
These arms are forc'd t^e inwreath a shapeless mass
Of all *Deformity* : a Bear unlickt,
One whom *Thersites* that disfigur'd Greek
So far excell'd in native Lineaments,
Proportion, Feature, and Complexion,
(All rare attractives to the eye of Love,)
As amorous *Narcissus* in his prime
Surpass't the roughest Sylvan that the woods
E're nurs't or harbour'd : yet enjoyn'd am I
To hug this *Centaur* : who appears to me
A Prodigy in Nature.

All. 'Tis a fate
Exacts compassion : and deserves redress.

Florello. Such a compleat and exquisite a beauty
Accomplish'd in all parts —

Caranto. Nay qualifi'd
With rarity of arts to make her sex
With pious emulation to admire
Her choice perfections —

Palisado. And all these obscur'd,
Soil'd, sullied, perish'd by th' immeriting touch
Of a mishapen Boor —

Lady Alimony.

Sal. Such precious gems
Set in ignoble mettals cannot chuse
But much detract from th' native graceful lustre
Which they retain'd by means of that base Ore
Impals their Orient splendor.---

Morisco. This is nothing
To th' injury her lineage may receive
From his deformity.

Tilly. I must confess
That threatneth much of danger : yet I read not
That *Vulcan* poult foot or his smutted look
Blackned with *Lemnian* Sea-coal, brought the issue
Begot by *Venus*, if he any got,
To change their amorous physnomy.---

Morisco. He may thank
Mars for that active courtesie, or it had
Disfigur'd much his spurious progeny.

Florello. Well Madam, we compassionate your choice
In your Sir *Gregory Shapalefs* : and shall finde
A quick receipt to cure your discontent
With a new-molded and more pleasing feature
Then your sad fate enjoys. --- Repose, till we
Have run through all your griefs, and felt your pulses.

2. *Boy.* For shame sake, no further my dainty Doctors.

Aside.

Florello. With th' symptoms or gradations as they stream
In your desertless Sufferings; Paroxisms,
Or what Extrems may most surprize your fancies :
In these, our serious Judgements shall supply
Such sov'raign Cordials : as you shall not need
No use nor application of more helpe
Then what we shall prepare : let this suffice,
It rests in us to cure your maladies.

---Excuse us Madam *Medler*, these debates
Have kept us from discovery of your wrongs.

Medler. Then which none more depressive : --- would
you judge
Th' Musician good that wants his Instrument :

Or

Lady Alimony.

Or any Artizan who goes to work
Without provision of a proper tool
To manage that employment ? --- Modesty
Bids me conceal the rest : my secret wants
Require an active tongue : but womanhood
Injoyns me silence.

Morisco. 'Las I'm sensible
Of her aggrivance ere her dialect
Can give it breath or accent.

Medler. But you say,
And our experience has inform'd us too
In that essential truth, that we must first
Disclose our wounds, if we expect a cure :
Let your impartial judgements then give ear
To a distressed Ladies just complaint.
In my first years, as now I am not old,
My friends resolved, to supply a portion,
Which my descent though good could not afford,
To match my youth unto a man of age,
Whose Nest was richly feather'd, stor'd of all
But native vigour, which exprest it self
As if all radical humour had been drencht
In a chill shady bed of Cucumbers
Before our Nuptial Night : oft had I begg'd
With sighs and tears that this unequal match
Might be diverted : but it might not be,
The fulness of his fortunes winged them
To consummate the match : this pleased them,
But me displeas'd, whom it concerned most.

Florello. The issue, Madam !

Medler. None, nor ever shall
With that seer suckless Kex.

Morisco. Never was Lady
So rarely beautifi'd, so highly wrong'd.

Car. What stinty worldling were those friends of yours
To value Fortunes more then your content ?

Palisado. To prostitute your honour to a clod
Of mouldred earth ?

Sal.

Lady Alimony.

Sal. And in an icy bed
To starve your blooming comforts ?

Tilly. This exceeds
All spousal suffering, which preceding times
In our Italian stories ever read
Or in their fable Annals registred.

Flor. Much of Sir *Tisram Shorttool*, so I think,
Men call your Husband, have I oftentimes heard
And his penurious humour : But your wrongs
Were strangers to me, till your own relation
Displaid their quality ; which to allay,
Nay, quite remove, transmit the care to us
And our directions, to supply your wants.
We should be just to all, but still retain
A bosom pity to the weaker sex ;
If we observ'd not this with tenderness,
We should not merit this Judicial Seat
Whereto—

1 Boy. These Dabridges rais'd you.

Tilly. Now Madam *Tinder* your aggrieves are last.

Tinder. But not the least : what woman could endure
In spousal rights to have a stranger share
In her enjoyments ? or remain depriv'd
Of her propriety by losing those
Appropriate dues which Nature has ordain'd
And sacred rites approv'd ? -- You see I'm young,
And youth expects that tribute which our sex
May challenge by descent.

All. Her Plea is good.

Tinder. Would you not reverend Consuls hold it strange,
To see a savage unconfined Bull,
When th' Pasture's fruitful, and the milk-pail full,
And all delights that might content a Beast,
Range here and there : and break into those grounds
Which are less fertil, and where neither shade
Affords him umbrage, nor smooth-running Brooks
Streams to allay his thirst : nay, where the grass
Too strow for fodder, and too rank for pasture
Would generate more fatal maladies

Then

Lady Alimony.

Then a whole Colledge of State-Empyricks
Or Countrey-Farriers had art to cure?

Florello. Such Bullocks, Madam, well deserve a baiting.

Tilly. And beating too.

Tinder. Yet this is my condition.

For marrying one *Sir Remben Scattergood*,
A Person in appearance like enough
And well-dispos'd for ought my watchful Eyes
Could long discover: but his Father dead
And his revenues by his Death swoln great,
His Nuptial Bed he leaves: and entertains
Such mercenary Profligates as fancy,
His loose-exposed Fancy, lund him to.

Caranto. Injurious Ribald.

Palifado. Hateful Libertine.

Tilly. Had she been old, or crook't, or any way
Deform'd.

Sal. Or ill-condition'd.

Morisco. Or averse
When he was active.

Florello. Or run retrograde
To his just pleasures: these might have abridg'd
And weakned his affection: but when beauty,
Composed temper and a graceful presence
Cloth'd both with majesty and a sweet smile
Of such attractive quality, as th' Adamant
Cannot more virtually enforce its Object
Then these impressive motives of content:
He merits not the Title of a Man,
Much less th' embraces of so choice a spouse,
Who violates his faith; deceives her trust.

Caranto. I am directly, Sir, of your opinion.

Palifado. So I;

Morisco. And I.

All. So all of us concur,
To make our Judgements more unanimous.

Tinder. And to confirm't, may you be pleas'd to give
Attention to a story I shall tell,

Lady Alimony.

As true as strange to manifest th' Affronts
My Patience has endur'd, and to what height
His *Luxury* ascended?

All. Madam do,
We shall lend ready Ears to your discourse.

Tinder. It chanc'd one day, and oft times so it chanc'd,
For doubtful thoughts have ever jealous eyes,
That my suspicion had begot a fear,
That my neglectful Husband had a kindness,
And more then usual, unto my Maid,
A proper Maid, if so she might be call'd:
Now to possess my self whether those grounds
Whereon I built might just inducements be
Of my late-hatched fears, I made pretence,
(What is it Jealousie will not design?)
To go from home: But this was no recede
But a retire: for in the Ev'ning time
When those two amorous pair expected least
Such an unwelcome visit, I repair'd
To a close Arbour set with Sycamours,
The Tamarisk and sweet-breath'd *Eugentine*,
That local Object which I fixt upon
Not of my self, but by direction,
Where I found out what I suspected long,
Such wanton dalliance as the Lemnian Smith
Never discover'd more when he prepar'd
His artful Net t' enwreath his *Eriona*
Impal'd in *Mars* his arms.

All. Could you contain
Your passion in such *Arrive* a posture?

Tinder. With much reticency I did indeed,
Curbing my temper which was much enrag'd
With this too milde expression: --- Fie for shame!
"Minion He have none of this work, not I."
"You may when it is offer'd you, said he."

1. *Boy.* Ha, ha, ha. This was a bold-faced Nigler, trust
me Wag. { *Aside.*

Florio. Was't not enough for him t' enjoy his pleasure,
But

Lady Alimony?

But he must jear you too?

Caranto. As if you were
A Stale to his light dalliance?

Palifado. Or a scorn to his embraces.
Was her servile beauty
Expos'd to sale, dishonour of her Sex
To be compar'd to yours?

Sal. Whose native splendour
Without the help of Art, which makes complexion
By borrow'd colours much unlike it self;
May challenge a prerogative ith' rank
Of our compleatest Features.

Morisco. It seems strange
How you could brook th' affront without revenge
On that insulting Prostitute.

Tillival. No doubt
She would take hold of opportunity
By th' foretop, and repair her pressing wrongs
By private satisfactions, which works best
When their Revenge seems sleeping and at rest.
This Lady would not rate her worth so small
As to forego both Use and Principal.

2. Boy. No; reverend Favourite, you will finde this Ma-
dam *Spitfire* of a keener mettall then so. She's right tin-
der: no sooner touch then take.

Florella. Ladies, We've heard your different Complaints
Forcing our just compassion and resolves
To tender your condition and redress:
What may the purport be of your Petition
Relating to your grievances?

All-Lad. A freedom
From our dis-relish'd Beds.

All-Plat. 'Tis granted you.

Ladies. With *Alimony* to support our state
In this divison.

Platon. Your suit is just,
Should we oppose it, we might wrong our selves.

1. Boy. Very likely; for they mean to be made whole

Lady Alimony.

Sharers both in their Persons and Personal Estates : -- This
is brave judicial Brocage. *Aside.*

Florello. Speak Fellow Colleagues, Shall I limit them
What we in Justice hold expedient :
For th' *Alimonal* Charge proportion'd them,
And in what measure to supply their Wants ?

All. Do so *Florello*, we shall second it.

Florello. Thus I conceive, these Ladies have resign'd
Their title, property and interest,
In whole and not in part which they enjoy'd
In their defective Husbands. — Were't not just
In lieu oth' whole which they have here disclaim'd
That they should seize upon the Moity
Of their Revenues whom they have here deserted
As useless Instruments unto the State ?

Platon. A just proportion :

Ladies. We submit to it.

2. *Boy.* And so ye may well, if your Husbands will
yield to't.

1. *Boy.* These be bimbles shavers Nicks, as well as sharers :
they know how to cut large things out of other folks'
leather.

Flo. This crowns our wishes, when with joynt consent
We close our votes and render you content.

Caranto. Dismount, dismount, let's ne exercise no
more ! *They descend.*
These purple seats, their stories stand too high
For our Ascend : Onely let's thus much know
Whether our Parts were acted well or no.

Ladies. Above expectance & singular in all
But best in your Conclusion.

Fricase. You did well
In your proportioning of our *Alimony*,
Moulded to th' moity of their estates
Whom we have justly left : but we had less
Allotted us in more Authentick Courts.

Palisado. That was not in our verge to regulate.

Cavare. Nor skills it much : we have a competence
Aspiring

Lady Alimony.

Aspiring to Exceedings; and in this
More blest because exempted from those bonds
Which our long servitude inchain'd us to.

Florello. Of Consuls then, which title we usurpt
To chear your fancies, we shall now become
Your Servants, Confidants or Favourites,
Or how you please to style us: ---we are all
Affianc'd yours: firm as the solid Rock
In your reserved Councils and what may
Hold correspondence with your interests,
But soft and malleable as liquid amber
In its resolving temper when delight
Shall sport it in your bosom, and admit
A sociable dalliance,

Fricase. Your free discourse
Grounded on former proofs of constancy
Has so indeer'd me, I am wholly yours.

Cav. Madam, we mean not you shall have it so;
You've broke the ice, and we will trace your steps;
Former experience has engaged me
To fix on my *Caranto*.

Julippe. *Palisado* shall
Injoy my love.

Joculette. I for my *Salibrand*.

Medler. *Morisco* mine.

Tinder. *Tinder* shall *Tilly's* be.

Tilly. Pure tender *Tinder* of affection,
The new-blown Bloom that craves a native warmth
To cherish its young growth shall not receive
More solace from those Orient rays which shine
On its fresh-springing beauty, then your choice
Shall in my dear embraces.

Tinder. I shall try you.

1. *Boy.* Thus walks the poor Gentlemens Revenues to
raise these *Doxes Alimony*: and thus runs their *Alimony* to
feed these youngsters riot.

Platon. Our joy's compleated: — Seal this joynt
Conveyance

Lady Alimony.

With those ambrosiack signets of your lips. } *They kiss.*

"One house did hold, one house shall hold us twain,

"Once did we kiss, and we will kiss again.

2. *Boy.* How Turtle-like they couple !

} *Act. 2. Scen. 6. }*

*Upon these Platonicks private Parliance, Dalliance
and Embraces of their Ladies;*

Enter Sir Amadin Puny; Sir Jasper Simpleton; Sir Arthur Heartless; Sir Gregory Shapeless; Sir Tristram Shorttool; Sir Reuben Scattergood: in a melancholly discontented mode; with their Hats over their eyes.

Sir Amadin. Is this th'Platonick Law; all things in common?

Sir Jasper. Must all forego their wives that are not wise?

Sir Arthur. Or be divorc'd because we dare not fight?

Sir Greg. Or lose our Mates because we are not handsom?

Sir Trist. Nay, 'cause we are not arm'd so well as others be,

Forfeit our Consort and our Fortunes too?

Sir Reuben. Yes, that's the plague on't, ---lose a light-heel'd trull,

That in my judgement's nothing: but to lose all

Or Moity of that all, or any part at all

For a poor nifling toy that's worse then nothing,

'Tis this that nettles me. ---I must confess

Tinder that light-skirt with impetuous heat

Sometimes pursu'd me, till that quenchless fire

Burst into flames of boundless jealousy

Which crost mine humour: for variety

Relisht my pallat: ---Phoenix brains be rare

But if our dishes had no other fare

They would offend the stomach, and so sate it

As grosser meats would give a better taste:

Such was my surfet to a Marriage-bed.

My Fortunes I prefer before her beauty,

Or what may most content the appetite.

Money will purchase wenches: but this want,

This roguish thing call'd want makes wanton thoughts

Look much unlike themselves: 'tis this white mettall

Enliveneth spirits, knits our arteries

Lady Alimony.

Firm as *Alcides* : He that binds himself
Apprentice to his wife meerly for love,
May he, pen-feather'd widgeon, forfeit's freedom
With whatsoe're is dearest to the vogue
Of his affections : she were a rare piece
That could ingage me or oblige me hers
With all those Ceremonial rites which *Flamins* use
To *Hymens* honour : Beauty, still stay I,
Will breed a surfeit, be it ne're so choice
Nor eye-attractive : " I should chuse a Grave
" Before one Mistress all mine Interest have.
O my Alimony, Alimony ; this is the goad that onely
prickels me !

Platon. Those be your Husbands, Ladies ; ---how pit-
tifully they look ?

Ladies. Alas, poor Cuckolds. *{ These Platonicks disco-*
Knights. Ladies, we were some- *ver the Knights : and*
times your Husbands. *{ scornfully eye them.*

Ladies. True,
You were so ; but your known defects have raz'd
That style of Wedlock : and infranchis'd us
From that tyrannick yoke. --- We'r now our own,
Nor shall our Beds by you be henceforth known.

Sir Amadin. What have I done ?

Friscafe. Nothing, *Sir Amadin* ;
And that's sufficient to divide us two.
Your puny years must grow in strength and sinews
To prove you man before you can partake
In my enjoyments : th' Court has so decreed,
And by resentment of that injury
Your blooming youth unripened for delight
Has done to me your hapless Virgin Bride,
Held fit to number me amongst these Ladies,
All different sufferers ; and for supportance,
As every thing, you know, would gladly live,
Allots us Alimony.

Florelo. So, his score's paid.

{ Aside.

Sir Jasper. Madam, look on *Sir Jasper.*

CAVIARE.

Lady Alimony.

Caveare. Honest Simpleton

And so I will, just as the Fowler is wont
On a catcht Dotrell; till your wasted brains
Rise to more growth, I from my widdow'd Bed
Will rise untoucht: these breasts shall never give
Their nursing teats unto a Brood of Fools.

Caranto. So, good Sir *Jasper*, you've your Doom in
Folio. { *Aside.*

Sir Arthur. Receive me dear *Julippe*.

Julippe. For what end?

Have you stoln from your Colours? --- Oh I hate
A Coward worser then a Maidenhead
Basely bestow'd; ---these *Paphlagonian* Birds,
These Heartless Partridges shall never nestle
Under my feathers: till your spirit revive
And look like man, disclaim your interest
And injur'd title in *Julippe*.

Palisado. So;

He must first learn to fight, e're she to love. (*Aside.*)

Joculette. What would *Sir Gregory*?

Sir Greg. That you would love me.

Jocnl. No; you must cast your slough first: can you see
Ought in your self worth loving: have you ever
Since our unhappy meeting us'd a Glass,
And not been startled in the sad perusal
Of your affrightful Physnomy? ---Sir, hear me,
And let me beg your patience if you hear,
Ought may dis-relish you; ---when th' Camel shall
Transhape himself into a nimble Wesil
Or such like active Creature: and this Bunch
Which *Nemesis* has on your shoulders pitchr,
This Bunch of Grapes I mean, shall { *She lies her hand up-*
levell'd be { *on his Shoulders.*

And brought into proportion by a Press
Equally Iqueezing, till it shall retain

Adonis feature, I shall value you

And hug you for my Consort: But till then
Excuse my strangeness.

Salibrand.

Lady Alimony.

Salibrand. So, his Cause is heard.
He must unshape himself to gain her love.

Medler. Sir *Tristram Shorttool*, have you ought to do
In this pursuit of fancy?

Sir Tristram. Something Madam.

Med. But small to purpose: Sir *Tristram* you have been
A man of Reading: and on Winter Nights
You told me tales; for that was all you did,
What strange adventures and what gallant acts
Redoubted Knights did for their Ladies sakes,
But what did you for *Medler* all the while?
Did you e'er toss a Pike, or brandish Blade
For her dear sake? ---Go to, I shall conceal,
And with a modest bashful veil in-shroud
What Sense bids me discover. ---Let me Sir
Advise you as a Friend; for other styles
Relating to an Husband, I shall never
Henceforth resent them; with a free comply:
Love suits not well with your decrepit age;
Let it be your chief care t' intend your health:
Use Caudels, Cordials, Julips, Pectorals,
Keep your Feet warm, binde up your nape oth' neck
Close against chilling ayres, that you may live
An old man long: ---but take especial care
You button on your night-cap ---

Morisco. After th' new fashion
With his loose Ears without it.

(*Aside.*

Medler. This is all;
Onely your absence.

Morisco. So good night Sir *Tristram*.

(*Aside.*

Sir Reuben. Sweet Madam *Tinder*.

Tinder. Keep your distance Sir;

{ *Sir Reuben offers*
to kiss her.

I love not to be toucht.

Sir Reuben. Are you so hot
My tender *Tinder*?

Tinder. No Sir; look to the Clime
Where you inhabit; there's the *Torrid Zone*.

Tilly. Yes, there goes the hair away.

(*Aside.*
Sir

Lady Alimony.

Sir Reuben. Can you not love?

Tinder. Not One that loves so many.

Sir Reuben. 'Las pretty Peat,

Tinder. Pray Sir, hold off your hand;

Truck with your low-priz'd Traders; I must tell you
Mine honour's higher rated.

Sir Reuben. Be it so;

I wish you would disclaim your Alimony,
With that indifferent touch as you do Love,
You should not need a Dispensation, Madam,
It should be granted unpetitioned.

Tinder. I'm confident it would: --- nor shall the coolness
Of your affection, bring me to an ebbe
Of favour with my self: Plant where you please,
He henceforth scorn to hugg my own disease.

Tilly. So, Sir *Reuben's* dispatcht; and like a Ranger
may taspice where he likes. *(Aside.*

Sir Reuben. But hark you Madam, what be these brave
Blades

That thus accouter you? are they your Platonicks,
Hectors, or Champion-Haxters, Pimps or Paliards;
Or your choice Cabinet-Confidents?

Tinder. You may
Exact accompt from them.

Sir Reuben. No; but I will not;
Long since I've heard a Proverb made me wise,
And arm'd me Cap a pe 'gainst such accounts:
"Whof're he be that tuggs with durty foes,
"He must be foir'd admit he win or lose.

Fin. Shall I acquaint them with your Adage, Sir?

Sir Reuben. Do if you please.

Tinder. No Sir, I am too tender
Of your indanger'd Honour. --- Should a baffle
Ingage your fame, and I the instrument
It would disgust me.

Sir Reuben. You are wondrous kinde.
But pray you tell me, is this Favourite
Or Turn-key of your Council in the rank

Lady Allmany.

Of generous Heſtors? I would be reſolv'd
For it concerns me.

Tinder. Pray good Sir, as how?

Sir Reuben. Since 'tis my fate, I would be branched
nobly

Leſt mine adulterate Line degenerate
And raze the ancient ſplendor of mine Houſe,
As many noble Families have done
By mixing with inferiour Apple-Squires,
Grooms, Pages, Uſhers, which in time begot
Such middle Wits in this our middle Region,
None could diſtinguiſh them from *Corydons*,
Nor well diſcover whence they might derive
Their prime deſcent, unleſs it were by th' Creſt
Their Footmen wore: or what their Coach preſented
In it's rear quarter. — All your *Sir Reuben* begs
Aims mainly at your Honours priviledge,
Which ſhielded I'm ſecure; and it is this,
“Let choice hands meddle with your *Tinder-box*.

Tinder. Make that your leaſt of fears. — Wee'l keep
our fame,

Amidſt this freedom, ſtill unblemiſhed.

Knights. So, we have all receiv'd their final Answers.

Sir Reuben. Nor do I mean to draw up my Rejoynder.

“He who will loſe his wits, or break his heart

“For ſuch a Wench as will not take his part:

“And will not ſhun what he may ſafely flye,

“May He a Bedlam or a Beggar dye.

Knights. Farewell inconstant Ladies.

Ladies. Adue conſtant *Actions*:

Exeunt omnes.

The Ladies uſher'd in by their Confidants.

Lady Alimony.

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Enter two Citizens.

1. *Citizen.*

**** S it for certain that the Dukes voyage holds for
* I * *Salamanca* ?

* * 2. *Citizen* No doubt on't : his resolution is so
**** firmly fixt, no motion can decline it. And if we may
credit Fame, which seldom errs in all, though it exceed in
many ; never was Fleet more bravely rig'd, better pre-
par'd, nor with more Military strength furnish'd, nor more
virile spirits accompanied, nor by more expert Command-
ers at any time since the Battel of *Lepanto* conducted.

1. *Citizen.* It was thought he would not personnally
have ingaged himself in this adventure : but have deputed
some experienc'd General for perfecting this grand de-
sign : and imposing a final period to an Action of such
high consequence.

2. *Citizen.* 'Tis true ; but those many aggrivanees, ag-
gravated with numerous Petitions presented by our *Sivil*
Merchants , wrought such strong effects upon the sweet
compassionate nature of the good Duke ; as that endea-
red resentment, which he retain'd upon those Merchants
relation, touching the infinitely forcharging losses which
they had suffered though the hostile Piracy of the *Sala-*
manicans , as he made a solemn Vow to ingage himself in
their quarrel : and either revenge the injuries and indigni-
ties they had sustained , or seal his just desires with the sa-
crifice of his dearest life.

1. *Citizen* Were the Merchant losses great ?

2. *Citizen* In Shipping infinite : and by Accomptants
of approved trust , computed to many millions : for be-
sides Vessels of lesser burthen in one Sea-voyage being dri-
ven by contrary winds upon the Coasts of *Calabria*, they
lost at one time " the Panther, Libard, Bugle, Antilope,
Caracts of great and formidable sail : such as would have
made

Lady Alimony.

made their party good against all Assaults, had they not been dispers'd and weakned by violent tempests: Besides, the unexpected Herocane, which dash'd all the endeavours of the best Pilots that all their Fleet afforded: yet reduced to this strait and sad exigent, they found no Islander so compassionate as to pitty their deplorable Condition: but rather such as were ready to adde fresh affliction to their late suffering, by seizing on whatsoever remained estimable in their foreloyn Vessels: and exposing them without the least remonstrance of humanity or civil hospitality to the mercy of the winds. This it was which winged the Duke to this Expedition: chusing, as report goes, the *Revenge* for his Ship of War, and that onely man of War, wherein he means to steer his course, return his errand and requite his Quarrel.

1. *Citizen.* The Duke's a Person of a gallant spirit.

2. *Citizen.* I dare affirm it Sir; that the State of *Sivil* was never with more prowess, prudence, nor Martial Policy at any time mannaged; which not onely his prosperous exploits abroad, then which none more successive: but likewise his vigilant care and command at home may sufficiently manifest. For his late Declaration under his Great Seal has discovered the incomparable zeal he had of serving both Court and City: in commanding all such useles and incommodious Weeds, as *Trapanners Tarpanlins*, with all our abusively intituled *Hectors*, that they should by a peremptory day depart the City and Line of Communication in relation to the Court: since which time, they have resolved for want of better supplies to hazard the remainder of their broken Fortunes upon a desperate adventure for *Tunis*.

1. *Citizen.* In such glorious designs levelling at honour, they declare themselves really *Hectors*.

Enter a Mariner.

2. *Citizen.* What news *Segasto*?

Mariner. The Duke's upon his march: and near approaching.

1. *Cit.* How quick's his Spirit to redress our wrongs!

Lady Alimony.

(Act. 3. Scen. 2.)

Trumpets and Kettle-drums sounding, with other Martial Musick usually observed in that Countrey.

Enter Duke Engenio, Officers and Souldiers; with Colours display'd.

Duke. Thus far on our address: may prosperous gales
Breath on our Sails: Sails on our just designs
In vindicating of our Countreys fame
Too long impair'd by suffering injuries;
Till which redrest our Honour lies at stake
And we made Aliens to our own estate.
March on then bravely that it may appear
Our Courage can revenge as well as hear.

They march over the Stage with Trumpets, Fifes, Drums and Colours. { *Manentibus Civibus.*

1. *Cit.* This gallant resolve of the Duke pursu'd with such alacrity can never be sufficiently admitt'd; and to engage his Person too in so perillous adventure——

2. *Cit.* And all this in vindication of the Merchants honour and their Interest.

1. *Cit.* Trust me, he appears bravely.

2. *Cit.* His disposition from his youth foretold
What's manhood would assay --- whence comes this noise?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Room for our Bravo's, Cadets; they march along in ranks and fyles. Their pockets grow shallow, the Taverns and Ordinaries, they vow to be Infidels, so as they have insulted themselves Souldiers of fortune.

1. *Cit.* These be those Trapanners, whom the Duke has proscribed, or I mistake it.

Let us observe their posture.

(Act. 3. Scen. 3.)

Enter Captain, Tripanners, Terpaulins, with other Runnagado's orderly marching. { *With Tobacco Pipes.*

And in the rear, Benhadad a Quaker.

1. *Tripan.* Rouze Buckets and Tubbs. --- Hey for Tunis and Argiers.

Captain. Keep your ranks my Comrades, and fight valiantly.

2. *Tripan.*

Lady Alimony.

2. *Tripán.* What else Captain, we cheated before for nothing, and now having nothing we mean to fight for something.

3. *Tripán.* 'Slid Bullies, I think the Duke has done us a pleasure.

1. *Tripán.* Pray thee, how Boy?

3. *Tripán.* Ile tell thee, the short and long on't: Before, if any of us had been so valiant, as few of us were, as to borrow money on the High way, we were sometimes forc'd to repay it at the Gibbet: but the world is turn'd upside down; if we get it, we may keep it, and never answer for it.

1. *Tripán.* Hey Boy, art thou in that Lock? --- But noble Landprizado, let us have a Sea-Sonnet before we lanch forth in our Adventure-Frigot. They say the *Syrens* love singing.

Captain Agreed Wags: but which shall we have?

1. *Tripán.* That old Catch of *Tunis* and *Argiers*; good Captain, it suits best with our voyage.

Captain. To't then my *Hectors*, and keep your Close as you do your march. The *Syrens* will not relish you if you sing out a tune.

The Sea-Song.

Capt. To *Tunis* and to *Argiers* Boyes,

Great is our want, small be our joyes;

Let's then some voyage take in hand

To get us means by Sea or Land.

{ *They joyn in
the clo'e.*

Come follow me my Boyes, come follow me,

And if thou dye, I'll dye with thee.

Hast thou a Wife? I have one too,

And Children some as well as thou,

Yet who can see his Brats to starve

So long as he has strength to serve?

Come follow me my Cubbs, come follow me,

And if thou dye, I'll dye with thee.

Methinks,

Lady Alimony.

Methinks, my Boyes, I see the store
Of precious Gems and golden Ore ;
Arabian Silks and Sables pure
Would make an Haggard stoop to th' lure.
Come follow me, &c.

*He fixeth his eyes
as upon Objects
in a Landskip.*

No worthless minde e're honour sought,
Let's fight as if we feared nought,
If Bullets fly about our ears
Let's laugh at death and banish fears,
Come follow me, &c.

And if thou canst not live so stench
But thou must needs enjoy thy Wench,
If thou my Boy such pleasure crave
A dainty Doxie thou shalt have.
Come follow me, &c.

Courage my Sparks, my Knights oth' Sun,
Let *Civil* fame what we have done,
Wee'd better ten times fight a Foe
Then once for all to *Tyburn* go.
Come follow me, &c.

Come let's away, mount, march away,
This Calm portends a prosperous day,
When we return it shall be said
That by our voyage we are made.
Come follow me, &c.

But if we ne're again return,
Inclose our ashes in an urn,
And with them spice a Wassal-Cup,
And to Good Fellows drink it up.
Come follow me, &c.

Which Health when it is gone about
And stoutly set their foot unto't,
No doubt they shall enrolled be
Ith' Book of Fame as well as we.

Come follow me spruce Sprigs, come follow me,
And if thou fall I'll fall with thee.

Enter

Lady Alimony.

Enter a Rank of Tar-paulins, prest for the same Adventure ;

Marching over the Stage : and joyning in the Catch.

{ An Health-Cup in the Leaders hand.

Tar-paulin.

When this Grand Health is gone about,
Where you as stoutly stood unto'r,
Doubt not, you shall recorded be
Ith' Book of Fame as well as we.

March after me, &c.

And when this Bowl shall run so round
Your Legs can stand upon no ground,
Fear not, Brave Blades, but you shall be
Sworn Brothers made as well as we.

March after me, &c,

No other Obsequies we crave,
Nor quaint Inscriptions on our Grave ;
A simple Shroud's a Souldiers share,
Which if He want, he needs not care :

March after me, &c.

Such vails are all we wish at last,
Which if we want, the Care is past.
This done, to think of us were just,
Who drink not, yet as dry as dust :

March after me, &c.

While you act what we did before,
Discharge with Chalk the Hostess's Score,
And if the Hussy challenge more,
Charm th' maundring Gossip with your rore.

March after me, wee'l frolick be,
And if thou dye, Ile dye with thee.

(Act. 3. Scen. 4.)

Benbadad furiously accosts them.

Benbadad. I proclaim you all Edomites ; Dragooners
of Dagon ; Ding-dongs of Dathan : ---A generation of
Vipers.——

G

1. Tripan.

Lady Alimony.

1. *Tripan*. No, Father *Benhadad*, your gravity is mistaken grossly, we are rather A generation of { *Smoking*
Pipers. { *Tobacco*.

2. *Tripam*. Go to Holy *Bembadad*, stand you to your Calling as we to our Arms. Thou art for converting the *Great Turk*, and we for lining our Pockets with *Tunis* gold. Where if we get our design, hold to thy Principles, but no farther then thou canst maintain them; and we shall create thee our Household Chaplain.

Enter Mariner.

To Sea, to Sea ; the Winds are prosperous.

Captain. And may we prosper with them. --- So farewell *Sivil* and her dainty *Doxes*.

All. Rantan; hey for Tunis and Algiers.

Exerunt, Colours displaid, with Fifes and Drums.

1. *Cit.* Such was the Dukes care to remove these Weeds,
Whose fatal growth might choak maturer Seeds.

2. *Cit.* Good Governors wife Gard'ners imitate,
These cheer their Plants; those steer a planted State.

Exempt.

Trillo from the high Gallery.

I cannot, Gentlemen, contain myself;

— *Timon* thy Genius has surpass'd it self;

Thy Sceane is richly various: — praise on still,

These Galleries applaud thy Comick skill.

{ He takes his Seat again.

{ *Act 3. Scen. 4.* }

Enter Constable and Watch in rug Gowns, Bills
and Dark Lanterns.

Constable. Come along with your horns, my Lads of metal. It was the Dukes pleasure before his departure, that we should be appointed the Sinks and Sentinels of the City, and that none should have ingress, egress or regress but by our especial authority and favour. — But harm watch, harm catch; for my part since I crept into this office, I am woven into such a knot of good fellowship, as I can watch no more then a Dormouse: nay, I am verily perswaded if I hold Constable long, the Deputy of

Lady Alimony.

of the Ward will return me one of the seven Sleepers. But let me advise you, my *Birds of the Capital*, that you walk not after my Example: be it your care to watch while I sleep. Many eyes are upon you; but my eyes grow heavy; my dayes society bids me take a nap.

Watch. But one word, good Master, before you drop into your slumber: Report goes that there be Spirits that petroul familiarly in this Century; what shall we say to them, if they pass by?

Constable. Bid them stand.

Watch. But what if they either cannot or will not?

Constable. Let them then take themselves to their heels: and thank God you are so well rid of them.

Watch. One word more good Constable, and then good night.---Be these the Spirits that allure our Children with spice and trinckets to their Skippers, and so convey them to th' *Barmoudes*?

Constable. In no wise Neighbours; these Spirits come from the Low Countreys: and though at the first sight very frightful, yet appearing unarm'd they become less fearful.

1. *Watch.* Nay, if these pretty Familiars come to our Guard naked, we shall prove hard enough for them.

2. *Watch.* Well, Neighbour *Rugweed*, let us not presume too far on our strength: These Spirits be a dangerous kinde of Whiffers: and like our *Robin Good Fellows* will play their Legerdemain tricks, scudding here and there in a trice: and nimbly snap you when least suspected.

(Act. 3. Scen. 5.)

Enter Gallarius Ghost.

From the Cinnerian depth here am I come
Leaving an *ERRA PATER* in my Tomb,
To take a view which of my Fellows be
The thrivingst Artists in Astronomy.
Rank one by one in Astrologick row,
And dying see whom thou didst living know.

(*He makes his Figure.*

G 2

Mount

Lady Alimony.

Mount gainful CRINON, for to thee we give,
As thou deserv'st, the sole Prerogative :
For thy divining lines have purchas'd more
Then all our prime Professors got before.
Jason won much at *Colchos*, but thy gain
Has linkt thy shoulders in a *Swedish* Chain.
Rich Divination ! But what's knowledge worth,
If People do not credit what's set forth ?

* Omnia tem-
poribus cecinit
Cassandra fu-
turis.
Quæ ventura
fuit — vix
unquam credi-
ta Teucris.
Mælius.

This was *CASSANDRA's loss : whom we allow
And hold a Prophetess as true as thou ;
But not so well believ'd : --- take heed my Blade,
Thy late Predictions cannot retrograde,
And give thine erring Notions such a check,
As they unlink that chain which decks thy neck.
Signs sometimes change their influence we see,
I wish the like Event befall not thee.
The Golden Number and Saturnian line
Have been propitious to thee all thy time :
Thy *Sages* held *Oracles* : thy Observations
For Death, War, Weather held by forreign Nations
As positive Maximes : yet one Critical point
Will throw this artful Fabrick ont a joynt.
Dog dayes each year affords, if thou finde none,
Thy Fortune's clearer far then any One.
Let me then caution thee divining *Crinon*,
Lest thy own Bosom prove thy treach'rous *Sinon*,
Let not *opinion* make thy judgement erre,
" The Ev'ning Conquest crowns the Conqueror :
Hope of reward or one victorious Field
Is no firm ground for any one to build :
" May ill success cloath him with discontent,
That ballanceth the cause by the event.

Next him ascend ERIGONUS, whose Art
Richly imbellish'd with a loyal Heart
Will not permit thy thoughts to stoop so low
As to pretend more then thy Notions know,
Or can attain to : Thou hast ta'ne content
With as much freedom under strait restraint.

Lady Alimony.

As *Pibrack* in his *Paradox* exprest,
Inwardly cheer'd when outwardly distrest.
I have much mus'd while thou convertst with us
Of the Gradations oth' Celestial House,
Yet hadst none of thine own to shelter thee,
This was an humour that transported me,
To see a minde so large, and to discourse
As if he had got *Fortunatus* purse.
This caus'd me think that we did greatly err
In holding thee a meer Astrologer,
Though't be a sacred-secreet Speculation
And highly meriting our admiration :
But rather some rare Stoick, well content
With his estate how e're t'c World went.
Yet when I saw thine artificial Scheme
Exactly drawn, as none of more esteem,
I wondred much how such choice Art could want,
Unless the whole world were grown ignorant,
I heard of late what I did never dream
Thy farming life had drawn thee to a Team,
Preferring th' Culture of an Husbandman
Before a needful Astrologian,
Who in this thankless Age may pine and dye
Before he profit by Astronomy,
For though I must confess an Artist can
Contrive things better then another man,
Yet when the task is done, He findes his pains
Sought but to fill his belly with his brains.
Is this the guerdon due to Liberal Arts
T'admire the Head, and then to starve the Parts ?
Timely prevention thou discreetly us'd
Before the fruits of Knowledge were abus'd.
" When Learning has incur'd a fearful damp,
" To save our Oyl, 'tis good to quench our Lamp.
Rest then on thy injoyments, and receive
What may preserve a Life, reserve a Grave.
This with convenience may supply thy Store,
And lodge thee with content ; what wouldst thou more ?

Lady Alimony.

While He who thirsts for gold and does receive it,
Pules like a Baby when he's forc'd to leave it.

For you **LIBERIUS**, I'd have you look
For your improvement on your Table book ;
Where you shall find how you bore once a Name
Both in the rank of Fortune and of Fame,
But others rising to an higher merit
Darkned that Splendor which you did inherit,
Or those mistakes which caus'd you erre so far
As your late years have prov'd Canicular :
To waste more paper I would never have you,
For I'm resolv'd your Book will never save you,
Nor you from it receive a benefit,
Suppress then, Pray thee, thy leaf-falling Wit ;
Merlins Collections will not serve thy turn,
Retire, retire, and slumber in mine Urn.
Dodge has chill'd thy brain, in silence sleep,
" Hee's wise enough that can his Credit keep.

For you **COLUMBA** and rare **PEREGRINE**,
It is your fate to settle in a Clime
Of disadvantage ; wisdom bids you build
Where you may dwell ; and sowe in such a field
Where you may reap the harvest you have sown,
" Arts unimprov'd are to no purpose shewn,
Those onely may be truly said to know
Whose Knowledge payes their Countrey what they owe :
And with the *Bee*, from labour never cease
Till they have stor'd their Hives with sweet increase.
Which thriving industry infus'd by nature
In such a small Political a Creature,
Might by a Native Model render thee
Conducts of Science in Astrology :
For the accounts it as a fruitless toil
To brouze on Suckets in a barren soil.

*Satyrus hir-
satus hand pa-
rentur Apes.*

For you **ALATUS**, mount with ayrie wing,
And to your scatter'd Nest some feathers bring :
Though popular esteem afford delight,
It cannot satisfie the appetite.

Fame

Lady Alimony.

Fame is a painted meat and cannot feed,
Nor sate the Stomack when it stands in need.
This was mine own condition ; --- while I liv'd
I to the highest pitch of Fame arriv'd ;
All the *Rialto* founded with my praise,
Yet silence shrouded this within few dayes,
For after some few Funeral tears were shed,
My memory dy'd, before tears went to bed.
Yea, in my life time, when my state grew low,
My fame found none she would conduct me to :
And let this caution thee: though thou swell great
In mens conceit, this will not get thee meat :
“ The onely means to raise friends, fame and store
“ Is to make *Industry* thy *Providore*.

For *ATRO-LUCUS*, *SERANDS*, they be such
I would not touch them, lest I should too much
Impeach their branded fames: one word for all,
As their disgrace is great, their knowledge small :
Let these *Damonicks* practise less in *Black*
It will discolour all their *Almanack*.

But this was not my *Errand* : I would know
How Ladies with their Husband suit Below !
Those frolick Girles I mean, and of none els,
Who were induc'd by mine and *Crinons* Spells
To chuse strange Bed-fellows : --- Pray { *Mephistophilus*
tell me how, { appears and

Dear *Mephistophilus*, those Wantons do. { resolves him.

Meph. All out of joynt: they've left their Husbands bed.

Gallerius. By this it seems they were not rightly wed ;
There was no *Justice* in't : for if there had,
Should they break loose, they would be judged mad.

— But now mine hour approacheth, I must pass
Down to that vault where late I lodged was.

Fix *Mephistophilus* this on that Gate,
That those who knew me may collect my Fate.

Mephistophilus having fixed this *Inscription*
on the Portal of the Gate,
they descend.

Inscriptions

Lady Alimony.

Inscription.

THE ASTRONOMICAL ANATOMY
in a shadowed Physnomy; recommended to
Posterity. Dissected and presented in the Empy-
rical Ghost of D. NICHOLAS GALLERIUS.

——— *Facilis descensus Averni.*

Enter Watch distraughtedly letting fall their Lanthorns.

Watch. Spirits, Spirits, Spirits.

Enter Constable rubbing his eyes.

Constable. Where, where, where?

Watch. Here, there, and every where.

Now in the Porters Lodge, then in the Ayr. —

Constable. A foutra for such ranging Mawkins. ---I'll
tell you fellow Officers, for I have been since my weining
sufficiently school'd in the Office of a Constable; that we
have no Legislative power (do you mark me) to commit
any Person be he never so notorious a Delinquent, if he
fly, or as our Falconers say, mount up into th' Ayr; we are
not bound to follow him, neither to attach nor commit
him; and why sayes the Law? because it is not in our
power to catch him. But if he strut in the street, you may
command him to come before me the Constable, as I am
the Representave Body of the Duke; or before your
selves, being the Representave Body of your Constable:
and if the Person so taken remain under safe Custody, and
he fly, if you overtake him by speed of foot, or by help of
the Belmans Mungrel, you may by the Law of Arms lay
him by th' Heels.

And so dismiss the Watch.

Exeunt.

{ *Act. 3. Scen. 6.* }

*Enter Sir Amadin Puny, Sir Jaffer Simpleton, Sir Ar-
thur Heartless, Sir Gregory Shapeless, Sir Tristram
Shorttool, Sir Reuben Scattergood.*

Sir Reub. Doubt nothing, my fellow-Knights of Horn-
sey; the Plot is so neatly and nimbly laid, as it cannot but
hold stich.

All. But be the Favourites Suits got, *Sir Reuben?*

Sir Reuben. They are brought to our Lodgings already.

To

Lady Alimony.

To try a Conclusion, I have most fortunately made their Pages our Coyes by the influence of a white Powder; which has wrought so powerfully on their tender pulse, as they have engaged themselves ours back and edge.

— *Sunt manna vincula servis.*

Sir Tristram. 'Tis true; but how shall we pursue this Project; that we may act to purpose, what your Ingenuity has contriv'd?

Sir Reuben. Leave that to me; be it your care to follow my direction, and if I make not these Haxters as hateful to our Hussies, as ever they were to us who were their Husbands; set me up for a Jack-a-Lent, or a Shrove-Cock for every Boy to throw at. The Net is spread, and if they scape the nouze, they must have more eyes than their own to discover it.

Sir Amadin. Excellent, excellent; I long till I be at work.

Sir Reuben. It will admit no delay, *Sir Amadin*, I assure you. We have not over-watcht this night to no purpose: this very morning by times we must be fitted with our Properties: and with a scornful neglect pass by that Rendezvonz, where our gamesome Ladies expect their youthful Platonicks.

Sir Gregory. Revenge to me's far sweeter then to live.

All. Too't, too't, for loves sake let us too't.

Sir Reuben. The Plot is laid with such industrious skill, If this take not, I do not know what will.

Exeunt.

Lady Alimony.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

*Enter Madam Fricase, Madam Caveare, Madam Julippe,
Madam Joculette, Madam Medler, Madam Tinder.*

Madam Fricase.



Ow tedious morns these be in our expe-
ctance

Of what we tender most ?

Caveare. Credit me Madam,
My Marriage day from th' rising Sun to
Night

Seem'd not so long, though it was long enough,
As the slow-running course of this Morns visit.

Julippe. Desires cannot endure protractive hours,
The Poet has confirm'd our thoughts in this,
Placing our Action far below our Wish :

" Sooner quenched is Loves fire

" With fruition then desire.

Joculette. That Poet surely was neither *Mantuan*, *Luci-*
an, nor *Claudian*.

Medler. No Sister ; nor *Alcam*, *Eubaus*, nor *Apulei-*
us ; but some cold-Cucumber spirited *Zenocrates* , who
never knew actually how to hug his Mistress.

Tinder. This is the hour and place.

Fricase. It is so ; and no doubt but our feather'd Favo-
rites have over flown us.

{ Act. 4. Scen. 2. }

Enter Vintress and Drawers.

Vintress. What do you lack my Princely Beauties ?

Caveare. What your Sex cannot furnish us with ; my
dainty *Dabrides*.

Did you entertain no Gallants lately ?

Vintress. Not any, Madam ; but Gallants are men of
their words ; they will stand to their tackling upon occa-
sion : will you be pleas'd Noble Ladies in their absence,

Lady Allmony.

to bestow your selves in a room : or to procreate your selves, take a turn in the Garden ?

Medler. Slid does she hold us for *Andalifian* Studs, that can breed by the ayr, or *procreate* of our selves ?

Fricase. Well, her meaning is good ; we will accept her offer : and take a walk or a chearful repose at our pleasure : and in it let each of us for want of more real Objects, entertain an imaginary apprehension of their absent Lover.

Knocking within.

Drawer. Anon, Anon Sir ; --- quick , quick as *Erebus*, good *Jeremy*. — Uds so, what a clattering they make ? I verily think our old Titere Tews and Bugle Blews are come to Town, they keep such a damnable quarter.

2. *Drawer.* They knock as they were mad men in the Percullis ; --- quick, quick , more Attendants in the Unicorn. --- There goes none to the Anwarp. The Lion and the Roebuck have not one Drawer to attend them. -- Who goes into the Ladies Garden ?

1. *Drawer.* We shall have a brave Term, if we stir not our stumps better,

Exeunt.

Julip. Th' Elyzian Groves so richly beautified,
Deckt with the tufted verdure ; watered
With Chrystal Rills, and cloath'd above conceipt
In native Diapry : may Emblems be
Of this delicious Platform, where each sense
May sate its quest with sweet satiety.

Jocul. And th'edifying sense with melody. *Voices of*
Hark how that ev'ning quire of Nightingals *Nightingals*
Warble with shrillest notes, pricks at their breasts,
Tereus incestuous Crime ; as if't had been
A fact inexpressible : wherein we doubt
What we should do if were put unto't.

This is a Garden sure of great frequent.

Cavears. *Lucullus* nor the Roman Argentine
Had ne're the like : nor with compleater beauties
More gracefully imbellish'd : it might be
Styl'd the *Spring Garden* for variety

*Dum Philo-
mela canit, spi-
nam sub pecto-
re figit ;
Crimen ut in-
cestus se me-
minisse dolet.*

Lady Alimony.

Of all delights: Balls, Treats, and choice Invites.
Address for amorous Parliance: and indeed
To make the Bargain up: --- you know my meaning.

Fricase. Thou art a dang'rous Beagle. ---- What say
you Ladies.

In this perpetual Spring-like sweet retire
To gratifie her court'ie and conduct
Who tender'd these respects, let's have a Frolick;
A Jovial Frolick till th' Platonicks come.
Whom we must chide, and with some discontent
Tax for their slowness.

All. The motion's wondrous good,
We all assent to't.

Foculetta. But in this assent
Scatter such freedom as it may appear
Our Fortunes be our own: and that no eye
Of jealousy or parcimonious thrift
Can bound our humour. ---- Lets call up the
Drawer.

*They ring
the Bell.*

Enter Drawer.

Your pleasures Madams.

All. What hast within Boy?

Drawer. Cakes, Creams, stew'd Prunes, Olivets, Tongues,
Tarts, and ----

Caveare. What else, you Jack of all Trades! Doth
your Mistress take us, you nitty napry Rascal, for her Bor-
della's Blouses?

Bring us here Pistachie Nuts,
Strengthening Oringo Roots,
Quince, Peach, and preserv'd Apricock
With the Stones pendant to't.

With such incentive and salacious Cates,
As quicken hours, and sharpen appetite.

Drawer. You shall, you shall Madam; --- On my life
these be the Ladies of the New Dress; they'l never be sa-
tisfied.

Exit.

Caveare. Let us imagine our selves now to be planted
in the *Sparagus Garden*; where if we want any thing, it is
our

Lady Alimony.

our own fault. A fair Alimony needs no pawn ; it will discharge a Tavern Bill at any time.

(Act. 4. Scen. 3.)

Enter again the Vintress and Drawer with Wine and Fruit.

Vintress. How is it Noble Ladies ? --- Your Honours shall want no rarities that our Store-house may afford you.

Caveare. A Glas of Muscadella for me. Here Madam *Fricase*, to Mounseur *Florello*.

Fricase. This Curt'sie, Madam, must not beget in you a forgetfulness of *Caranto*.

Caveare. So nearly hee's embosom'd, you need not fear it.

Julippe. *Nectarella* for me ; here princely *Joculette* to your *Salibrand*.

Joculette. Mean time remember loyal *Palisado*.

Julippe. No Individual can be well forgot.

Medler. *Medas* shall be mine. --- This Madam *Tinder* to your *Tilly Vally*.

Tinder. First to your own *Morisco* : --- So this Health's gone round.

Fricase. Now when our throats are clear, let's joyn together

In some choice Musical Air.

All. Agreed, agreed ;
What shall we have ?

Fricase. What may enliven love,
And feather fancy with *Icarian* Wings.

All. We must be mounting then. --- Your Subject,
Madam.

Fricase. *Le Drollere Amaranto*.

All. Dainty Airs.

And lines to suit them : --- We shall follow you.

Song in various Airs.

What shall we poor Ladies do,
Matcht to Shallops without brains,
Whose Demains are in grains,

Lady Alimony.

And their wits in madding veins,
Stor'd with *Neapolitan* Mains?
Give us spritely Sprigs of Manhood,
None of these Swads nor airy Squibs,
Who would fain do but cannot.

Poor Ladies how we dwindle!
Who can spin without a Spindle?

*{ They alter the ayr up-
on the close of every
Stanza.*

Valor never learn'd to tremble,
But in *Cupids* dalliance nimble.
Little good does that stud with a Stallion,
Fancies Alien, weakly joynted,
Meanly manned, worse appointed,
Who would do if he knew how,
But alas he would but cannot.

Penelope though she were chaste,
Yet she bad her Spouse make haste,
Lest by his sojourning long,
She might chance to change her Song,
And do her *Ulysses* wrong;
What then may we who matched be
With these Haggards madly manned,
Who would gladly do but cannot?

Shall our youthful hopes decline;
Fade and perish in their Prime:

And like forc'd *Andromeda*
Estrang'd from Fancies Law!
Shall we Wives and Widows be,
Bound unto a Barren Tree?

Ushers come and Aple-Squires
To compleat our free desires:
Platonicks there be store
Fitly fram'd and train'd to man it.
Bavin once set a fire
Will not so soon expire;
Let's never stay with such as they,
Who gladly would but cannot.

Lady Alimony.

Shall we love, live and feel no heat
While our active Pulses beat?
Shall we hug none of our own,
But such as drop from th' *Frigid Zone*?

Let's rather bid old Love adieu,
And ith' *Requests* suit for some New
Who have the heart to man it:
Tell us not this nor tell us that,
A Kid is better then a Car,
And though he show we know not what,
He cannot.

Fricase. As I'm a Virgin, Ladies, bravely perform'd;
Once more Frontineack, and then a Walk.

She drinks.

This Wine wants Flavour, Sapor, Odour, Vigour;
Taste it, dear Madam, 'tis as pall and flat
As a seer Fly-flap.

Drawer. Our last years Vintage, Madam, was but
small.

Caveare. It seems so by your *measure*: this would never
Quicken the Spirit, nor inflame the Blood.

*One of the Ladies looking out, discovers their deserted
Knights attired like their Favorites: with their Cloaks
over their faces.*

Lady. They come, they come, they come.

All. Let's entertain them with a joynt neglect.

(Act. 4. Scen. 4.)

*As their Husbands pass along, they take occasion of dis-
course one with another.*

Knights. Let us pass by them with regardless scorn.

Sir Reub. Pox on these over-
acting Prostitutes,
They sat mine appetite.

{ *They interchange these
Expresses as they pass
by their Ladies room.*

Sir Tristram. Fancy so fed
Begets a Surfeit ere it gets to bed.

Sir Gregory. E're I Platonick turn or Confident,
Or an officious Servant to a Puss

Whose.

Lady Alimony.

Whose honour lies at stake, let me become
A scorn to my relations.

Sir Arthur. Or when I
Engage my person, like a profest Boule,
To vindicate a Mistress, who for sale
Would set her Soul at hazard ; may my Grave
Be in the Kennel : and the Scavenger
The Pen-man of my Epitaph.

Sir Jasper. Or I
Embrace a Monkey for a mass of treasure.

Sir Amad. May never down seize on this downless chin,
When I become an Usher to her sin.

Sir Reuben. So ; let them chaw of this : -- our Scean is
done,
Wee'll leave the rest to their digestion :

—— We must return those Adamites their Cloaths
To make their visits in, or they'r lost men ;
But it were strange should they recruit again.

Exeunt.

(*Act. 4. Scen. 5.*)

Fricase. How is it Ladies ?

Caveare. Sure, wee'r in a dream,
Whence comes this strangeness ?

Julippe. From the too much freedom
Of our affection : had we kept them still
At a discreeter distance, we had plaid
The wiser Falkners : and caus'd them stoup
Unto our Lure with eager appetite.
Fruits offer'd are least valu'd ; got by stealth
Or by surprize, they'r precious.

Foculette. Shall we sleep
With this affront ?

Medler. Our Spirits were remis
Should we not pay them home in their own Coin.

Tinder. Let *Tinder* lose her Name, her Family,
And Alimony which she values most.
If *Tilly* suffer not for this disgrace.

All. We vow the like : revenge may be excus'd,
“ For Love resolves to Hate when 'tis abus'd.

(*Exeunt.*

All.

Lady Alimony.

{ Act. 4. Scen. 6. }

*The Favourites appear to their half bodies in their
Shirts, in rooms above.*

Florello. Why ; you whoorson Rogue ; where's my suit?
---As I hope for mercy, I am half perswaded, that this slip-
halter has pawn'd my Cloathes.

Caranto. Nay; as our rooms be near, our fates are all alike.
If my visit be admitted, I must present it naked.

Joculetta. When she sees her *Salibrand* so unmodiously
accountred, she will jeer him out of his Periwig, and render
him an Adamite Cap a Pe.

Palisado. Never were Servants without a Dress, less
suitable to Ladies of the New dress.

Salibrand. We shall be held for Sale-men, or Knights
of the White Livery, if we encounter them thus habited.

Morisco. Nay rather for Knights oth' Poast ; who had
forfeited their broak't Suits for want of swearing.

Tilly. Nay , for Tumblers, Truckers, or Sculler-men :
Plato in all his Commonweal had never such naked fol-
lowers. *(Their Pages bring their Clothes.)*

Florello. Now , you hemp-strings, had you no time to
nim us, but when we were upon our visits ?

Pages. Your Suits, Sir, were not without employment.
They were seam-rent, and stood in need of stitching.

All. Go to Rogues, you will never hang well toge-
ther, till you be sticht in an halter.

Pages. Well, we got more clear gains by this shift, then
you will by your visit. { *Aside.*

Caran. We trench too much upon these Ladies patience:
Better too late then never ; let us haste
To crown their longing hopes with our attendance.
Delays in visits quicken our desires,
And in their Objects kindle secret fires.

They come down buttoning themselves.

Flor. 'Tis high Meridian. I wee've lost
the time

Of our appointed treatment.

Caranto. Let's contrive

I

*Fastus in Antidotum frigoris,
processit & urget
Insolitos motus, lepidaque Ca-
pidinis astus,
Vestibus amictus laceratis, al-
get & ardet. Solin.*

Some

Lady Alimony.

Some neat evasion covertly disguis'd
To bear the face of truth.

Salibrand. It would do well,
Let's mould it as we go unto the Garden.

Moris. 'Twere vain to call; they'r long ere this dismiss.

Palisado. And with incens'd spirits; which t' allay
Were a Receipt worth purchase.

Tilly. Th' wound's so green
It must admit a Cure: Our confidence
Prepares us best admittance: --- go along.

(*Act. 4. Scen. 7.*)

Enter the Alimony Ladies at the other door.

Florello. How opportunely doth this season meet
To give us freedom in our intercourse!

Morisco. There is a secret influence, no doubt,
Design'd to second us in our desires.

They go towards their Ladies.

Florello. Madam.

Fricase. We were Mad dames indeed, should we give
freedom to such injurious Favourite.

Caranto. This is stormy language; I ever thought our
late neglect would nettle them.

Fricase. You can affront us, Sir, and with your wit
Take a deep draught of *Lethe* and forget.

Florello. Forget! Slid I did ne're affront you.

Fricase. No;

Nor with a scrude contemptuous look pass by us
When we were at our Treat: and with a scorn
Not onely sleight us, but impeach our fame.

Florello. I call the Heav'ns to witness, never I.

Fricase. Perfidious Wretch, this did I hear and see,
And such Records cannot deluded be.

Your Words, Sir, are registred.

Florello. Pray, lets' hear them.

Fricase. You begun first with what your ulcerous flesh,
If I be not deceiv'd, infect'd is.

*The Favourites, as they appear'd to their half bodys in
the preceding Scene; so the deserted Knight become
spectators*

Lady Allimony.

*spectators of those publick affronts done them by their
Ladies, onely presenting themselves, and so withdrawing.
Husbands. Hah hah-hah --- How neatly be these Wid-
geons catcht in their own Springes !*

Trillo from the Gallery.

Bravely continued, *Timon*, as I live
Each subtil strain deserves a Laurel sprig.

Fricase. "Pox on these over-acting Prostitutes
"They sate mine appetite.

Caranto. What might I say
That should dis-relish Madam *Caveare*?

Caveare. You rant it bravely Sir ; "Fancy so fed
"Begets a surfeit ere it gets to Bed.

Julippe. You *Palisado* stand more resolute ;
"E're I Platonick turn or Confidentr,
"Or an officious Servant to a Puss
"Whose honour lies at stake, let me become
"A scorn to my relations.

Joculette. "Or when I,
(Thus I deblazon you, base *Salibrand*)
"Ingage my Person, like a profest Boulr,
"To vindicate a Mistress, who for sale
"Would set her Soul at hazzard, may my Grave
"Be in the Kennel : and the Scavenger
"The Pen-man of my Epitaph.

Medlar. "Or I,
(Thus you renounce your *Medlar*, Don *Morisco*)
"Embrace a Monkey for a maïs of treasure.

Tinder. Nor would Sir *Tilly* be one hair behinde
In scornful dereliction of our sex.

"May never down seize on his downless Chin
"When He becomes an Usher to our sin.

Florel. The Devil's a Witch, and hast impostur'd them.

All. Platon. Do you believe all this ?

Ladies. As we do you
Stains to true love and all society.
Henceforth observe your distance, as you tender
Fame, Freedom, Life : --- else we do vow Revenge

Lady Alimony.

Shall dog you at the heels.

(*Exeunt.*)

Florello. So, we are lost;
We must go cast about for some New Ayry,
For these be fledg'd and flown.

Caranto. By this prevention
I'll hste a Mistress of such rare invention.

Palis. It seems their Spleans for picking quarels sought,
In pressing what we neither spake nor thought. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Act. 4. Scen. 8.*)

Enter two Civil Merchants.

1. *Merchant.* Our Duke *Eugenio* is safe return'd
Loaden with Trophies, Spoils and Victories.

2. *Mer.* Those *Hectors* too who lanced forth for *Tunis*:
Have shown their valour : and inrich'd their Fortunes
Which languish'd in despair before this voyage
Above expectance : rich Rix Dollers are
Sown like *Pactolus* sand : their pockets cramm'd
With *Indian Ore*.

1. *Merchant.* What will not prowels do
Where hope of honour, promise of reward,
Or Countreys fame, th' attractiv't lure of all,
Give spirit to mens actions ?

2. *Merchant.* This appears
Instanc'd in them to life : for by their hazard
Successfully compleated, Forrain Sails
Ne're came so richly fraughted.

1. *Merchant.* It were well
The rest of our stout Myrmidons, whose Courage
Stands for the Wall, or in a Tavern quarrel,
Or an Highways surprise ; to raise a stock
To feed their debaucht visits, were so imploy'd :
It would secure our Commerce.

2. *Merchant.* This good Duke
Will regulate no doubt, his State-affairs
With that Composure, as no fruitless weed
Shall promise to it self long nourishment
Within the Coast of *Sivil*. — What means this ?

A noise of Clarions, Sordons, Fifes, Flansulets within.

Messenger.

Lady Alimony.

Messenger. The Dukes approaching in triumphant state:

Herald. Make clear the way, room for his Excellence.
Never did *Sivil* shew more like her self,
Nor beautifi'd with a more graceful presence
Since her foundation.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

*Enter Duke; Trumpets and Drums sounding: Colours vi-
storiously displaid: Field-Officers with Souldiers martially
ordered in rank and fyle.*

Herald.



Has a Majesty
Without all servile affectation
His personating presence cloath'd with
state
And Princely posture seems to represent !

All. Conquest and Affability contend

Which to his count'nance may pretend most right.
His Spirit's too evenly poiz'd to be transported
With the success of Fortune. --- Let us hear him.

Duke. Safely arriv'd, thanks to the Pow'rs above,
Here are we come: our Enemies subdu'd,
Our wrongs redrest, our Merchants satisfi'd;
No forreign force t' oppose us: thus has time
Crown'd our addresses with triumphant palms,
And by just War begot a thankful Peace.

All. Long live *Eugenio Sivils* Governour.

Duke. Our constant care shall gratifie your love.
Mean time, let these brave Souldiers sharers be
In our success: whom you and wee'r to hold
Such joynt Assistants in our Victories
As their redoubted prowess merits fame,
And competent rewards to recompense
Their noble Service: For believe it friends,
Never were hazards better seconded,

Lady Alimony.

Nor by their valour to a period
Sooner reduc'd ; so prosperous was our fight
In darkning those who took away our light.

And having now compos'd these broils abroad,
We're to look homeward, and redress those wrongs
Which nestle in the Bosom of our State,
So much more dang'rous because Connivance
Has wrought them into Habits : These, we fear,
Pretend a Priviledge, because the face
Of Greatness gives them count'nance : but our Laws
Must be no Spider-webs to take small Flies,
And let the great ones 'scape : --- we have resolv'd
" Greatness shall be no subterfuge to Guilt.
This must we act with speed and closely too ;
For Secrecy wing'd with Celerity
Be the two Wheels which mannage Moral States
And Martial actions : after short repose
These we'll chastise : and by a due survey
As just Complaints shall be exhibited,
Measure our Censure to the Peccants Crime.
Nor must we spin out time : we have design'd
Our very next day for Aggrievances
Of Court and City ; where our absence might
Admit, perchance, more freedom to offend.
" The onely way to salve a deep disease
" Is to give what may cure, not what may please.
Wherein delays prove worst : " Artists apply
" Receipts, before distempers grow too high.

*Ex t Tubis & Tympanis sonantibus ; conspicuo
Aulicorum & Stratiotum cœtu comitante.*

All. Under such Guardians may we live and dye.

{ Exeunt Plebei.

(Act. 5. Scen. 2.)

*Enter a Regiment of Trapanners and Tar-paulins, with
Drum and Colours : gallantly marching in their victorious
Return and prosperous success from Tunis.*

1. Offic. Sa, la.

2. Offic. Ran, tan.

3. Offic.

Lady Alimony.

3. *Offic.* Tara-tantara-- thus far from the Isle of Canary. Is not this better my Boyes, then Trapping an old Drolling Fryer for a sequestred Bond? ---Hey Boyes, here be those *Indian Ratts*, that cant and chirp in my Pocket; as if after a long Apprenticeship, they sought to be made Freemen. But I must not yet enlarge them. { *He shakes his Pocket.*

2. *Offic.* O ye pittiful Simpletons, who spend your days in throwing Cudgels at Jack a Lents or Shrove-Cocks.

3. *Offic.* Nay, in making Gooselings in Embers: and starting as if they were Planet-struck at the weak report of a Pot-gun.

1. *Offic.* My wish shall be for all that Puny-pen feather'd Ayry of Buzardisme and Stanielry:

"That such as They who love to stay to suck their Mammies teat,

"May live at home, but ne're finde one to give them Cloathes or Meat.

Lansprade. Come along Wags, let's in a frolick way march to our old Friends in new Suits: and reserve a scrude look for a three penny Ordinary.

2. *Offic.* Along, along. ---But utter not too much language, honest pockets; till a Question be askt you.

{ *He shakes his Pocket.*

All. Hey for a Fee-Farm Rent in *Tunis*!

(*Exeunt capering.*

(*Act. 5. Scen. 3.*)

Enter two Countrey Boors.

Husband. Content thee, content thee *Christobel* ---

Wife. Yes surely, that's a trim word: but when trow you, had I it? As I am an honest woman, I have been this Goodman Fumblers wife so many years, and he never yet gave me content. 'Tis such a dry Pilchart, he deserves nothing more then basting.

Husb. Fie, *Christobel*, fie; for shame hold thy trattles: is it my fault, if thou be barren?

Wife. Barren, you Codshead! Lies the fault there you Island Curre: nay, all the Parish will witness for me, that
I was.

Lady Alimony.

I was not barren before I met with you. ——— Barren Stichel ! that shall not serve thy turn. ---In plain tearms *Josalin*, since Thou cannot content me one way, thou shalt another.

Husband. What would my Duck have ?

Wife. What, my Drake, the Law will give me.

Husband. Law !

Wife. Yes you wizzard ; I have already fed a glib-tongu'd Parrot with a Coif on his head, that will trounce you.

Husband. What have I done, my Malmsey ?

Wife. Nay, your doing nothing, you Dumplin, has brought you into this pickle : The short and the long on't is this, I will have *Ale-mony*.

Husband. Alemony ! what means my Chicken by that ?

Wife. I have been neither so long nor ill taught by my Betters, but I know the meaning of Alemony well enough. My Landslady *Joculette*, God bless her, is matcht to as handsome a frolick youngster as one can see on a Summers day : yet she dislikes him, and has recover'd a good stock of Alemony. I love to follow the example of my betters : Set your heart at rest *Josalin*, I must and will have Alemony.

Husband. Thou shalt have any thing my Conny *Cristobel*, so thou wilt rest contented.

Wife. Nay Husband, you know well, that I am forc'd many nights to go to rest weakly contented. But if I chance to trudge to Court ; I mean to lie all open ; you shall hear I intend not to lay leafs on my wounds : The Duke, I hear, is a merciful man ; and will not suffer any of his poor Subjects to fall short of their due.

Husband. Well, Girle, thou shalt finde me ready to appear before his Grace, at any time.

Wife. You'l have a gracious bargain on't then doubtless. ---Trust me *Josalin*, you will disemper all our Ladies at Court, if you puth at the Gate with your Ramhorns.

Husband. She's posselt, sure.

Wife. No, not yet ; but I mean shortly to be posselt of my

Lady Alimony.

my Alemony ; you shall play no more the sharking foist with me, you fumbling Fidler you. --- I hope I have friends at Court, that will take Course that I may have my whole due ; and then foutra for *Josalin*. (Exit.

Husband. Well , the thought is tane ; I see one must thank God for a Shrow as well as for a Sheep : though the Sheep have more wool on his back, and affords a more savoury repast at the board. Hanging and Wedding go by Destiny : and I hold the former to be the happier destiny of the twain : yet He that will practise the art of swinging in a Halter, either to please or cross a Shrows humour, let him hang like a Puppy without hope of pity : and dye intestate to make his Wife heir on't : till some nimble Younger become his successor, and stumbling on his Grave, laugh at the Cuckoldly Slave.

(Exit.

§ Act. 5. Scen. 4. §

Enter the Cashier'd Confidants in a discontented posture.

Florello. Summon'd to appear ! for what ? — What have we done !

Caranto. Incens'd those humerous scornful Ladies. Thence rose the ground , I durst wager my Bever on't : They ought us a spite, and their Information has don't.

Palisado. This falls pat on their resolves : for those disdainful Wenches in the heat of their Passion, vow'd joyntly that Revenge should kick up our heels.

Salibrand. Our heels are not so short, though theirs be. Should they pursue this Information, it would dart highly on their dishonour.

Morisco. Honour ! what may that be in this age but an airy Title ? These *Bonarobas* have not lost the art of ingratiating nor deluding their Servants. There be Chimneys enough at Court to convey their smoak. Beauty and Confidence keep strong Sentinels in Loves Army. They cannot want Solicitors in a place of Liberty.

Tilly. Let them hold to't : Their Complaints are but squibs in the Ayr. Such Whiffers are below my scorn, and beneath my spite.

Lady Alimony.

Let's bravely on : I should account his fate
The worst of ills, that's foil'd by Womans hate.

Florello. Yet 'twas *Alcides* heavy fate, and He
Was stronger far then twenty such as we. (Exeunt.

(Act. 5. Scen. 5.)

Enter the Alimony Ladies.

Fricase. Conveen'd to Court ! some Mask, or princely
Ball, I'll gage mine honour on't. We must be imploy'd,
sifters.

Caveare. And usefully too I hope.

Julippe. I see well the Court can do nothing without
our City Revellers.

Trust me I am with Childe till I get to't : but my de-
sires are enlivened for a sight of my Lord especially.

Foculette. Or your special Lord Madam. We smell your
meaning. As I am vertuous, he deserves your smile or
whatsoever may most indear him. I have known none at
any time court Love with a more graceful nor accurate
presence. He can be both seriously amorous : and amo-
rously serious.

Medler. Surely, Lady *Foculette* ; you set him at a rate far
above th' Market : you value him not as if you meant to sel.

Foculette. No, nor buy neither : I have no property
in such a rich penniworth. For if I had, I should wish ---

Medler. I know what Madam.

Foculette. Good now, thy conceipt.

Medler. Shall I freely unbosome me ?

All. Pray thee, Madam, do Madam.

Medler. You would wish that his puny Baker-legs had
more *Essex* growth in them ; for else they would make ill
Butchers ware.

Foculette. Thou art a shrewd Wench, trust me.

Tinder. Well Ladies, I know a new minted Lord, that
can act the Spanish Don, with a peakt beard and a starcht
look to an hair.

Fricase. O Madam *Tinder*, I guess where you are : but
he wants a little of your spirit : He can cringe and caress
better then he dare fight : A Ladies honour might perish
under

Lady Alimony.

under such a feverish Champion.

Caranto. For loves sake, let's make haste. Nothing will be done, till we come.

Enter Cristobel with a Crutch.

Cristobel. Good Madam Land-lady, take lame *Cristobel*, along with you;

She means to have about for her Alimony.

Foculette. We shall not want then for handsome Attendance. (Exeunt.)

(Act. 5. Scen. 6)

Enter Gentleman Usher.

Give way, ---- make present way for his Excellence and his Consuls.

Enter Duke Eugenio and his Consuls.

After them the deserted Knights; the Platonick Confidents; the Alimony Ladies; the Tunis ingagers.

Duke. As we have view'd and clear'd our forreign coasts,
Wee'r now to prune those wild luxurious Sprayes
Which give impede unto this spreading Vine,
Our flowry *Sivel*; whose succeeding Fame
Acquir'd by Civil Discipline exacts
Our care and yours, grave Counsellours of State.
'Tis not enough with Balms to close the skin
And leave the wound t'exulcerate within;
For He, whose care's to cure the Core without
And searcheth not the bottom, spoils the Root.

Let's first then look on Vices which put on
The face of vertue; and where modesty
(Meerly dissembled) cloath'd with taking Beauty
Arms it self strongly 'gainst all Opposition:
Nay, what retains oftentimes such influence
On reverend Scarlet, as it darks the light
Of Judgement; and makes *Elders* fix their eyes
On rare-light Objects, which so strangely takes
As they make Judges vices Advocates:
But here's none such, I hope: Our State is free,
And so our Patriots and State-Consuls bee.

Complaints inform us, and we wondred much

Lady Alimony.

At th' first perusal, how a Feminine Nature
So sweetly pleasing, should be so deprav'd.

Fricase. What means the Duke ?

Caranto. I relish not th' discourse.

Duke. Have we not here some Ladies oth' New-dress,
So newly styl'd and in their Honour soil'd,
Who have deserted whom they ought to love ?

Ladies. Is this the Court-Mask, and the Ball we look't
for ? *(Aside.*

Duke. Be you those Ladies ?

Cristobel. I am one of them forsooth.

Ladies. We are the same, so like your Excellence,
And now redrest.

Duke. We understand no less ;
Your *Alimonies* signed by our Court !

Cristobel. They have not signed mine, if't please your
Dukeship.

Truly I am a very impudent lame Woman : and my Hus-
band a feeble weak-doing man , your Grace must needs
grant me Alemony.

Duke. See what Examples, Ladies, you have given
To simple Women ! --- I shall here propose
Two tenders to your choice : either receive.
(And with a Conjugal Indeermment too)
Your late deserted Husbands, or prepare
Th' Remainder of your dayes to entertain
A strict Monastick life : your Sentence's past,
Chuse which you please.

Joanette. I never shall endure
A clo ster'd life unless I had a Frier ; Sir *Gregory Shapeless*
shall be my Platonick.

Medler. Rather then none, Ile take Sir *Tristram Shortstool.*

Julippe. I for Sir *Arthur Heartless.*

Caveare. I must put on my Night-gown for Sir *Ja per*
Simpleton.

Fricase. Sir *Amadin Puny* then must be my joy,
Who will be still, I think, a Puny Boy.

Imadr. Well, since we are to this condition grown,

'Tis

Lady Alimony.

*Tis better far to use our own then none.

While I of youthful Favourites bereft

Will live with *Scattergood*, if ought be left.

Sir Reuben. Nay, Madam, but it were not amiss if you knew first, whether *Scattergood* will live with you or no. Release your Alimony, and I'll resign my right in your propriety: and in my widdow'd life mourn in sack --- lo infinitely.

Duke. This *functo* must be fixt on firmer grounds,
Coolness of Fancy acts not on the Object,
Which it pretends to love: ---- Joyn hearts to hands,
And in this second Contract reunite
What was so long divided: Love's a Cement
Admits no other Allay but it self
To work upon th' affections: ---- be it yours,
(For virile spirits should be so demean'd,)
With pleasing candor to remit what's past,
And with milde glosses to interpret thus
In their defence till to the better sense:

" Their frailties in your Ladies wrought these failings,

" Which pious pity should commiserate

" And seal it with Indulgence: Then intend

" Your Office, Madams: which is to redeem

" Your late-abused time: which may be deem'd

" Richly recover'd being once redeem'd.

Ladies. May all our actions close with discontent,
When we oppose their humours.

Knights. Say and hold; } *They salute &*
And this Act of Oblivion shall be sign'd. } *take hands.*

Duke. This does content us highly: Powers above
Makes Lovers breach renewal of their love.

Cristobel. And must *Cristobel* too pack home to her
Husband without her Alemony?

Duke. Or to thy death an aged Prioress.

Cristobel. Nay, but by your good favour, Ile meddle
with none of your Priorities; Ile rather go mumble a crust
at home: and chuck my old *Josalin*.

Duke. Nor is this all; our sentence must extend

Lady Alimony.

Unto those Ladies Favorites ; whose hours
Strangely debauch't, made spoil of womens honours.

Ladies. We hate them worse then Hell.

Favorites. Good your Grace ; we are reclaim'd.

Duke. That's but an airy Note.

When Practical, wee'l hold it Cordial.

Mean time we do adjudge you to the Quarries ;

Where yon shall toil till a relation give

Test of your reformation : ... Look on those

Tunis-ingagers, who were timely drawn

From their Trapanning Course : and by their hazard

Secur'd through valour, rais'd their ruin'd Fortunes

Above Expectance : when your work is done,

We shall finde like Adventurers for your spirits

To grapple with, and rear your blanch'd repute.

Leave interceding, for we are resolv'd.

Now Conscript Consuls, whose direction gives

Life to our Laws : we cannot chuse but wonder

How your impartial judgements should submit,

As if they had been byass'd, to grant

These *Alimonies* to their loose demands.

Sure such Decrees would not have relish'd well

Your jealous Palats, had you so been us'd.

" Wives to desert your Beds ; impeach your Fames,

" In Publick Courts discover your defects,

" Nay, to bely your weakness : and recover.

" For all these scandals, Alimonious wayes

" To feed their boundless riot !

Consul. They'r annull'd,

Our Courts will not admit them.

Duke. 'Tis well done,

For Gentlemen t'engage their State and Fame,

And Beds of Honour, were a juggling Game.

So we dismiss you : --- may the Palms of Peace

Crown *Sivils* State with safety and increase.

Whereto when our reluctant actions give

The least impede, may we no longer live.

Exeunt omnes, Trumpets sounding.



Epilogue.

Y*ou see our Ladies now are vanished,
And gone, perchance, unto their Husbands Bed
Convinc'd of guilt: where if they cannot tame
Their loose desires, but still retain the Name
Of ALIMONY LADIES; you shall hear,
They will not forfeit what they hold so dear,
Prohibited delights: and in that stain
With blushless dalliance visit you again.*

*Nor shall we build on these our confidence
Who give less reins to Reason than to Sense:
Yet for redemption of their Husbands Lands,
Seal our Acquittance with your graceful hands.*



Navitèr incumbens Calamo, sine merce laboro;
Merce carens, Vates nomine, verus ero.

Hæc thalami Socias Alimenta fecit iniquas;
Haud Aries uni sufficit unus Ovi. *Arnold.*

F I N I S.